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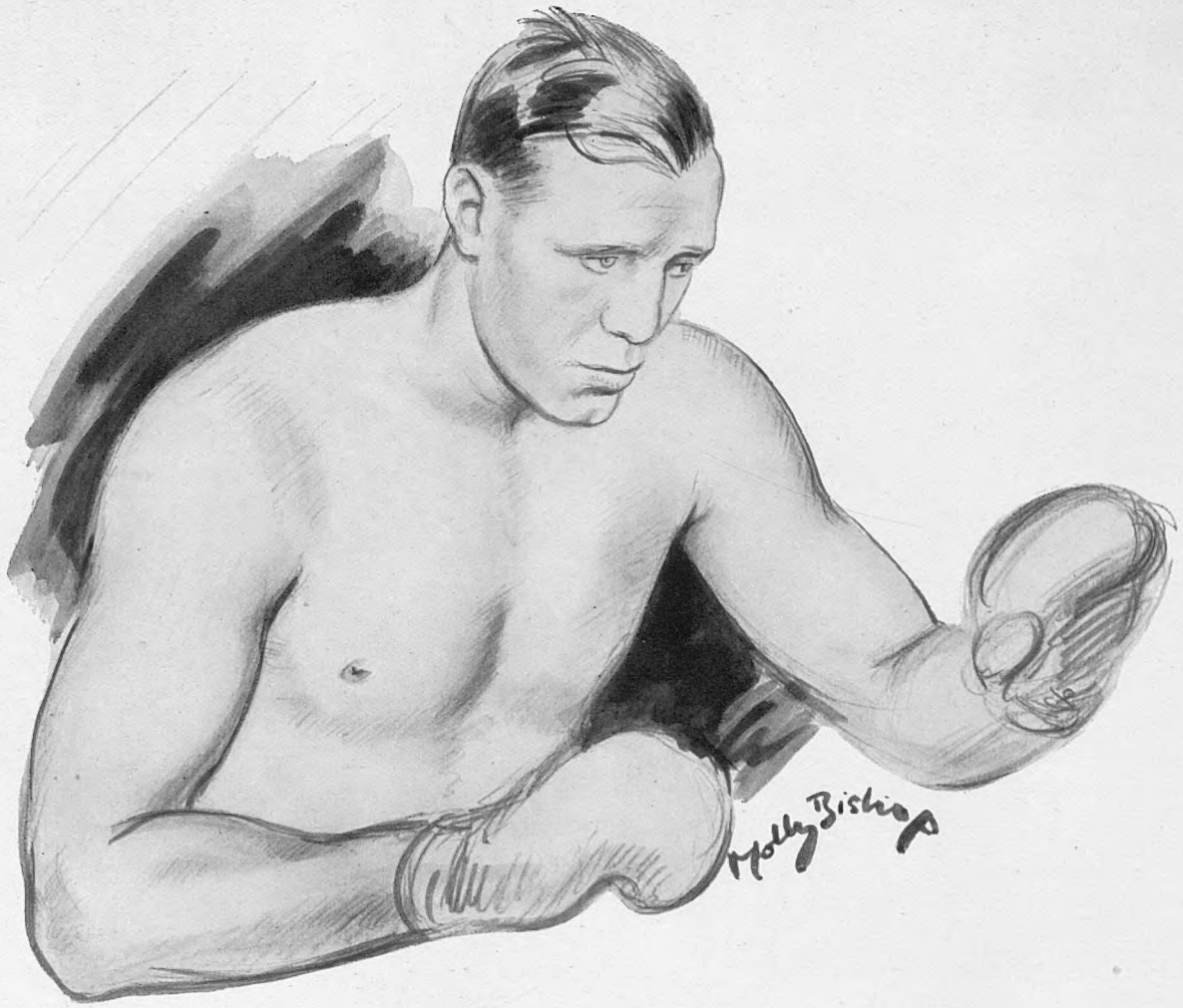
The Bystander

Norman Parkinson

The Lady Daphne Straight

Lady Daphne Straight, the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Winchilsea and Nottingham, is one of the most beautiful of the young-marrieds of the last year or two. She married Whitney Straight in 1935, and last autumn their daughter, Camilla, was born. Her husband, who used to motor-race, is now one of the leading young men in the development of civil aviation in this country. Her own great interest is ballet, and she is herself learning dancing at the Ballet Club. Lady Daphne Straight's sister, Lady Diana Finch-Hatton, has just got engaged—to Peter Tiarks, of Westcote Manor, Edgehill, Warwickshire



More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 61. Frank Hough

FRANK HOUGH, the Battersea cruiser-weight who put the B.O. (Box Office) back into boxing when it was suffering from the worst recession since the Doyle-Petersen fight, has personality and an uppercut. Uppercuts nowadays are few and far between, and yet they are the favourite punch of the cash customer. Which makes you wonder why more boxers don't use them. For his uppercutting has a lot to do with the popularity of Frank Hough (which rhymes with "tough" if you didn't know it). Frank is also a real sportsman, and the crowd knows it. He has only once been disqualified for a low blow, and that was entirely accidental—when Lauriot walked right into a punch that was travelling upwards and so missed its rightful mark. Frank is also a bit of a showman in the ring. As a matter of fact, he is doing a little too much now of embracing his opponent or raising his glove just after the fight is over. But no wonder he is popular. This once-a-week fight programme (sometimes twice a week) appeals to all followers of boxing, even if the wise ones know that it is too strenuous to keep up. The really amazing part about Frank's following is that he is by no means invincible. He has been beaten by several men of his own weight. Yet he continues to prove the exception to the rule that beaten boxers never draw the crowd (Petersen and Billie Wells were also exceptions, but that was some time ago).

But let me be biographical. Frank Hough was born on December 9th, 1912. His Uncle Charlie was a good-class middle-weight who fought at the old National Sporting Club off Covent Garden, but he never learnt anything from him. Indeed, he has never been taught to box by anyone. Having enlisted however in the 13th/18th, he transferred to the 4th Hussars, then stationed in India, and proceeded to become first the cruiser-weight champion and then the heavy-weight champion of India; that was in 1929. Having served 5 years and 22 days with the colours, and ending in a blaze of glory as British Army cruiser-weight champion in 1934, he turned professional. His first professional fight was at Cambridge, his opponent being Reg Johnson (one of George Cook's protégés) and the fee being a fiver. After that he fought everybody and anybody, and in three years has been in the ring at least two hundred times (actually he has forgotten how many fights he has had). To-day he is still inclined to throw his punches, though he hopes to get over this failing by plenty of bag-work. He denies strenuously that he hits with the open glove; lives in Balham Park Road; does his road work on Wandsworth Common; breeds wire-haired terriers; limits his beer to two pints a week when he is in training; has a pleasant baritone voice which Louis Levy is exploiting on the halls; loves to recite *The Lighthouse Keeper*; writes verse himself; and hopes one day to earn enough money to retire. At the moment the N.S.C. are paying him £80 a fight. But he hopes that they will raise it a few quid soon. Meantime he remains perfectly content with the hard knocks of life; thinks that fights would be much more fun if there were no three-minute—or even two-minute—intervals at all; and is genuinely bored if he doesn't have a "go" at least once every ten days. His best weight is 12 st. 4 lb.

Charles Graves

Yehudi Menuhin and His Sisters Arrive in London

The Menuhin family quite rightly don't put any faith in London's February climate: fur-hatted, fur-coated, and rubber-booted, the young violinist and his sisters, Yaltha and Hephzibah, arrived last week from America. Two years ago Yehudi Menuhin went into retirement in California, after ten years of concerts and recitals, to rest, to study, to add new works to his repertoire. In September he began to play in public again in America, and now he has come to England for nearly two months. In London he is giving two concerts with his pianist sister, Hephzibah, and an Albert Hall recital on March 20th, and for the rest of the time he will be touring the provinces. He has announced that in 1940 he will again go into retirement for two years. He was twenty-one a few weeks ago

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Sir John Simon Begins To Be Reticent

While financial and political writers begin to speculate on the Budget (and this year the City forecasts are most optimistic), the Chancellor of the Exchequer becomes more cautious than usual at question time, and begins to talk about "a later date." But although 1938 will see Sir John Simon's first Budget, he is an old hand on the Treasury Bench—of far longer standing, for instance, than either protagonist in last week's crisis, when the Chancellor, as leader of the National Liberals, supported his Unionist Prime Minister. He had a seat in the Cabinet in 1913, before either Eden or Chamberlain were in Parliament. Spring this year, therefore, means more work instead of more golf for the member for Spen Valley. But when he has time he is a keen if not brilliant player, was captain of the R. and A. last year. He also skates—but not as well as the Home Secretary—and is a formidable chess-player

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE BYSTANDER is a non-political journal, and it is the business of "The Passing Hour" to comment upon the affairs of the week without taking party sides. But it is quite impossible to discuss the resignation of Mr. Eden from the Foreign Secretaryship and his split with Mr. Neville Chamberlain without taking sides. Feelings have run too high, both in Parliament and in the country; accusations and denials have been flung backwards and forwards; a bitterness has swept the land more vitriolic, and more deeply-felt even than the bitterness which was roused by the Hoare-Laval scandal.

THE Eden-Chamberlain split is far more than a clash of personalities or a dispute over detail. It divides the nation into two camps so far as international affairs and policy are concerned. And international affairs are now the prime concern and interest of the man in the street. The traditional indifference of the Englishman to the outer world has been completely broken down by the long series of crises and by our new precautions against crises. Abyssinia, Spain, Mediterranean piracy, rearmament, Hitler's ultimatum to Austria, air-raid precautions, Italy's threat to Egypt, gas-masks, all have cumulatively forced the man in the street to look across at Europe. And now he must choose whether he will peer at Europe through Mr. Eden's telescope or Mr. Chamberlain's. But as this is a non-party page, wild horses—those very rare animals—will not drag a personal opinion out of me.

IT is possible, however, to record a summary of foreign opinion on the crisis without laying myself open to the charge of taking sides. The foreign cables have been printed in the newspapers for all to see. Those countries which are horrified, alarmed and profoundly depressed by Mr. Eden's resignation are the Dominions, France, Czechoslovakia, the pro-League, small, neutral nations of Europe, and the United States. Those which are hilariously delighted and cock-a-whoop are the Governments of Berlin, Rome, and Belgrade. As I write the reactions of Tokyo have not yet arrived, but it is, to say the least of it, unlikely that Japan will mourn the departure of a man who stood for everything which the ruling classes in Japan detest and despise.

PROBABLY in the long run the most important of these foreign reactions will be that of the United States. So far American opinion has flowed into three main channels. There is, firstly, the surprising attitude of one group of papers, that America, having led the retreat from international morality when it threw over the League of Nations, ought to be the last to blame Britain for now taking part in that retreat. Secondly, there is the temperate attitude that Britain's position is difficult, and should not be criticised until affairs have developed. But infinitely the largest body of opinion is that which condemns the Chamberlain attitude. It is a great pity that this third point of view, which in the main springs from the genuine idealism of the American people, should be encouraged by the syndicated articles of Miss Dorothy Thompson. For Miss Thompson (the wife of Sinclair Lewis) has recently become the most widely read political writer in the United States, and unfortunately she is of that clever-clever American type which gets everything just a little bit wrong, and understands pretty nearly nothing.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL came out very strongly on the side of Mr. Eden in the House of Commons debate, and there has been much speculation on the possibility of this formidable political fighter linking up with the late Foreign Secretary in a determined barrage of criticism of the Government's new foreign policy. But on the whole it seems more likely that the old school tie will prevail, and that Mr. Chamberlain will be given his chance of proving that he has been right. Another point, which arose in the debate and which caused the liveliest interest, was the identity of the mysterious friend who acted as messenger-boy (or should it be messenger-girl?) between Count Grandi and the Prime Minister in the most important matter of Signor Mussolini's letter to the Count. People were asking whether it is to be a permanent new departure in diplomatic procedure that communications from the heads of other States need not pass through the Foreign Office, but may arrive through anonymous gentlemen (or, of course, ladies).

LORD HALIFAX is to take command of the Foreign Office—at any rate, during the Anglo-Italian conversations. This disposes of the malicious rumour

Home from Italy

Lord Perth, British Ambassador in Rome, arrived in London three days after the Eden crisis to confer with the Cabinet on the forthcoming conversations with Italy. He met the Prime Minister and Lord Halifax on Friday

Gently They Carried Him Away

Anthony Eden was removed from Madame Tussaud's wax Cabinet, carried unflinching past the grim figures of Benito, Kemal and Adolf, put under a dust-sheet in the place where beaten champions and retired cricketers go. How long will he stay there?

which certain ill-informed and ill-intentioned persons have been spreading to the effect that Count Ciano is to run both Foreign Offices, thereby saving money on the overheads.

THE fighting in Spain is running the same old terrible course that the World War ran. Aeroplanes, tanks, artillery, bombs, and machine-guns, all may be improved and more deadly since 1918, but not the slightest difference is made in the actual form of war. After seventy days of incessant fighting round Teruel, the armies stand on exactly the same ground as they stood before the battle began. There is, in fact, no attacking weapon, however deadly and however efficient, to which a defensive answer cannot be found. And in the end the battle will always come down to the spade, the machine-gun, and the foot soldier.

IT is being suggested semi-officially that the B.B.C. may have to cut down the quality of its programmes owing to lack of funds, although last year more than half-a-million new licences were taken out. The reason given is the high cost of television. It has always seemed to me queer that you pay ten shillings tax in return for your wireless programmes, and yet a good deal of your money goes into a branch of the B.B.C. from which you get nothing. How many listeners get any return from the half-million pounds of their money which has been spent on television? Incidentally, why should listeners' money be used also to finance broadcasts to the Empire which (the broadcasts, I mean, not, of course, the Empire) cannot be picked up by the people who provide the money?

THOSE who maintain that British films are the worst in the world would get a new slant on the comparative badness of films if they went to see *Extase*, the Czechoslovak film now being shown at the Rialto. I hear that Prague has ambitions to produce films for the world market, but if this one is a fair specimen, they will have to snap into it a bit more briskly if they are going to succeed. At the Rialto, the only *extase* that I got was when they played "God Save the King."

AMID the chorus of applause which greeted the sentences upon the "Mayfair men" comes a curiously interesting letter from Lord Buckmaster, distinguished son of a distinguished father. "We are all of us in favour," he says in effect, "of protecting the community against crimes of violence, but it is a pity that the methods of prevention differ so much." At Hertford Assizes two youths were convicted of criminal assault upon a young girl. There were some minor offences, too, such as being drunk in charge of a car which had been unlawfully obtained, theft of tools, and theft of petrol. But the main charge was criminal assault. Sentence — bound over.

LAST week I said that the British public loved a chopped-up body. But the political crisis has stolen the thunder from the Torso, and has shoved it into small paragraphs on obscure pages. If there is another major crisis this week, the Torso will drop out of the news altogether, and grave suspicions will be aroused that the resignation of Mr. Eden and its subsequent repercussions have all been organised by Scotland Yard to cover up its failure in the West Country.

I WENT to Highbury to see Charlton Athletic and Aston Villa make their third attempt to settle their Cup tie. Three things struck me about the match. One was that there were 60,000 people present on a Monday afternoon. Another was that a Charlton player broke his leg, and from that moment ten tired men had no chance against eleven tired men, and the game became more or less a farce. I cannot understand why, in the case of a major injury, a reserve should not be allowed to take part in the game. And the third was that I could not understand why a new ball was not produced at half-time. In almost every other game except football, arrangements are made by which the implements of the game are kept in as good condition as possible. There are new balls at Wimbledon after each set, and at cricket after each 200 runs, and at golf and squash rackets whenever you like, and at badminton a new shuttle whenever you like. But at Soccer on a muddy day, when thousands of pounds may be at stake on the result of a match, the game is played throughout with what gradually begins to look like an old black pudding.

A SPORTS-WRITER in the *Daily Sketch* has hit upon a new angle of the great cricket ballyhoo which will shortly be exploding round our wretched heads. It had been suggested to him that Mr. D. R. Wilcox, of Essex, might captain England in the Test matches. "This would have a certain medical interest," writes the sports boy, "if it should materialise, as there would be two captains in the Tests who had lost their appendix." I suppose we shall touch rock-bottom some day.

Churchills and the Crisis

Mr. Winston Churchill, after a restrained flank attack on the Government in last week's censure debate ("a good week for dictators"), addressed a crowded meeting at the Constitutional Club, where his independent position was made clear in an excellent speech. His son Randolph, who wrote on "How to Resign" in the "Evening Standard" the night before, accompanied him

Palestine's New High Commissioner

While Ribbentrop and Ciano, Perth and Grandi were playing general post last week, the departure of Sir Harold MacMichael for one of the Empire's danger spots was comparatively unnoticed. Governor of Tanganyika since 1934, he has had a distinguished career in the dual roles of soldier and administrator, which he will have to continue in Jerusalem. With him are his wife and daughter

Celebrities in Conversation

Talking About Music—Sargent, Barker, Kreisler

Dr. Malcolm Sargent, Alfred Barker, leader of the Hallé Orchestra, and Fritz Kreisler were discussing the music to be played at a Hallé concert in Manchester. Kreisler is playing at the Albert Hall later this month

Theatre Talk—Lady Alexander and Maisky

Left: Lady Alexander and M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador, found themselves neighbours at the People's National Theatre Dinner, and were deep in conversation when the coffee-and-brandy stage was reached

Talking About Films—Pommer and Laughton

Talking About Pictures—Lindsay, Slavenska, Haskell

Daryl Lindsay, the Australian artist, has an exhibition of ballet drawings at Tooth's Gallery; discussing them with him were Mia Slavenska, the ballerina star of "La Mort du Cygne," the film at the Curzon, and Arnold Haskell

And Politics—Lord Feversham and Mrs. Eden

The conversations on the left and above took place at the gala premiere of "Vessel of Wrath," the new Laughton film. Eric Pommer and Charles Laughton are the joint-producers. Mrs. Anthony Eden was at the premiere with her half-brother, Lord Feversham

Social Register

CHARITY BALL

The Duchess of Gloucester and Prince Chula of Siam

The Duchess of Gloucester went to the Rainbow Ball at Grosvenor House last week, in aid of the Marie Curie Hospital for Women. She dined with Viscountess Runciman, chairman of the hospital, and so did Prince Chula of Siam, before going on to the ball

TWO WEDDINGS

Lord Avebury and Miss Sparrow

Lord Avebury and Cecily Kathleen Sparrow, daughter of the late Dr. N. A. K. Sparrow and Mrs. Ormsby, of Bosworth House, Woodbridge, Suffolk, were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. Lord Avebury, the third Baron, will be twenty-three this year, and is an artist, and also a racing motorist

TWO ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Helen Robertson and Mr. Vincent

Lacey Eric Vincent is the only son of Sir Percy Vincent, Bt., ex-Lord Mayor of London, of Norfolk House, Purley. Helen Robertson, to whom he is engaged, is the younger daughter of the late Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson and Mildred, Lady Robertson, of 52, Queen's Gate, S.W.7

Miss Baird and Mr. Archer

John Archer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Archer, of St. Ola, Leith, is engaged to Marjorie Baird, daughter of Sir William and Lady Baird, of Dalveen, Davidson's Mains, Edinburgh

CHARITY COMMITTEE

Mrs. Thornton and Mrs. Clive

Mrs. Kenneth Thornton and Mrs. Peter Clive are two members of the committee organising the Royal gala performance of "Operette," Noel Coward's new show, in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital. They met last week at Clare Countess Cowley's house in Bryanston Square

Fayer of Vienna

Mr. Charles Thomas and Miss Joan Lindsay

Charles Holwell Thomas and Joan Mary Lindsay were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. A. Thomas, of Southwick House, Kirkcudbrightshire, and she is the daughter of Major-General and Mrs. G. M. Lindsay, of 11, Stanhope Gate, W.1

Left: Mrs. Harry Fairhurst wears an amusing striped jacket and bow tie. She is Russian, and she and her husband live in Paris, but are a lot in England as he breeds racehorses over here

Below: Jeanne Stuart, like Mrs. Fairhurst, has been in the Monte Carlo sun. She was due to leave soon for London and rehearsals in Walter Hackett's new thriller

Miss Jeanne Stuart in a Boater

DEBUTANTE IN THE MORNING

Lady Alexandra Cadogan and Her Mother

Lady Alexandra Cadogan is the younger sister of Earl Cadogan, is a debutante this season, and will be eighteen this year. She was just going out with her mother, the Dowager Countess Cadogan, from their house in Cadogan Gardens. Her brother married Primrose Yarde-Buller two years ago; her elder sister is Lady Beatrix Hoare

DEBUTANTE IN THE EVENING

Lady Patricia French and Mr. Barrington

Lady Patricia French and Fitzwilliam Barrington were at the Amethyst Ball at Chelsea Town Hall. She is the only daughter of the Earl of Ypres, and granddaughter of the first Earl, the Field-Marshal. Mrs. Philip Kindersley and Mrs. Essex Drury are her first cousins

Zorina—Glamour Girl

Zorina, with a background of tap-dancing "Gorgeous Goldwyn Girls," puts across a stage number. Sometimes she does the same kind of thing in ballet shoes

Right: Andrea Leeds plays two strings to her bow—Edgar Bergen and the famous "Charlie McCarthy." Andrea is "Miss Humanity," the girl who tells the director how to put the human touch in his film. Charlie McCarthy has everyone in love with him; even Zorina has to fall

Below: the Ritz Brothers are always around—as mermaids in the Water-Nymph Ballet, or as anything else that offers

Ballet in a Musical

Vera Zorina Stars in "The Goldwyn Follies"

A Hollywood film company making a musical comedy film is the theme Ben Hecht produced for Samuel Goldwyn's *Follies*, which is the best musical comedy film made by a Hollywood film company for a very long time. Adolphe Menjou plays the director; the real director is George Marshall. The music, except for the ballets, is by George and Ira Gershwin. The picture starts its run at the Odeon on March 14th

The Water-Nymph Ballet has Zorina as its ballerina; she makes her entrance by emerging from among the water-lilies in the pool. This is her first film, for which she went to Hollywood after her London success in "On Your Toes"; before that she was with Col. de Basil's company. The rest of the dancers are members of the American Ballet from the Metropolitan Opera

Below: Heidi Vosseler, Leda Anchutina and Hortense Kahrklin are three "Goddesses of the Wind." They belong to George Balanchine's American Ballet; he arranged all the ballets in the film, to music by Vernon Dukes (Dukelsky of "Jardin Public")

Heidi Vosseler is, so they say, the loveliest dancer of the American Ballet, so she must be worth looking out for

Four Debutantes of 1938

Tunbridge

Miss Anne Paget

Anne Paget *is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget, of Ibstock Place, Roehampton. Mrs. Guy Carleton-Paget is her sister, the Paget twins are her cousins. When she was in America with her parents recently, three film producers offered her screen tests—but she hasn't accepted yet*

Jean Eliott *is the younger daughter of Sir Gilbert and Lady Eliott of Stobs, and is eighteen this year. Her home in Scotland is Wolfelee, near Hawick in Roxburghshire, and her parents have a London house in Chester Square. Her mother comes from Georgia, U.S.A.; her father is a member of the Royal Company of Archers, and head of the Clan Eliott*

Elisabeth Moncreiffe *is the only sister of fifteen-year-old Sir David Moncreiffe, and a great-niece of the eight Moncreiffe sisters who were so famous for their beauty. Her mother, Lady Moncreiffe, is giving a dance for her on March 31st at Dudley House, lent by Sir John Ward, son of Georgina Lady Dudley, one of the sisters. Lady Moncreiffe has a flat in Orchard Court, Portman Square; the family place is Moncreiffe, Perthshire*

Hersey Williamson *is the elder daughter of the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Williamson, of Braziers End, Chesham, Bucks. She is a granddaughter of the late Lord Forres and first cousin of another debutante, the Hon. Jean Williamson, Lord and Lady Forres' daughter*

Hay Wrightson

Miss Jean Eliott of Stobs

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Elisabeth Moncreiffe

Hay Wrightson

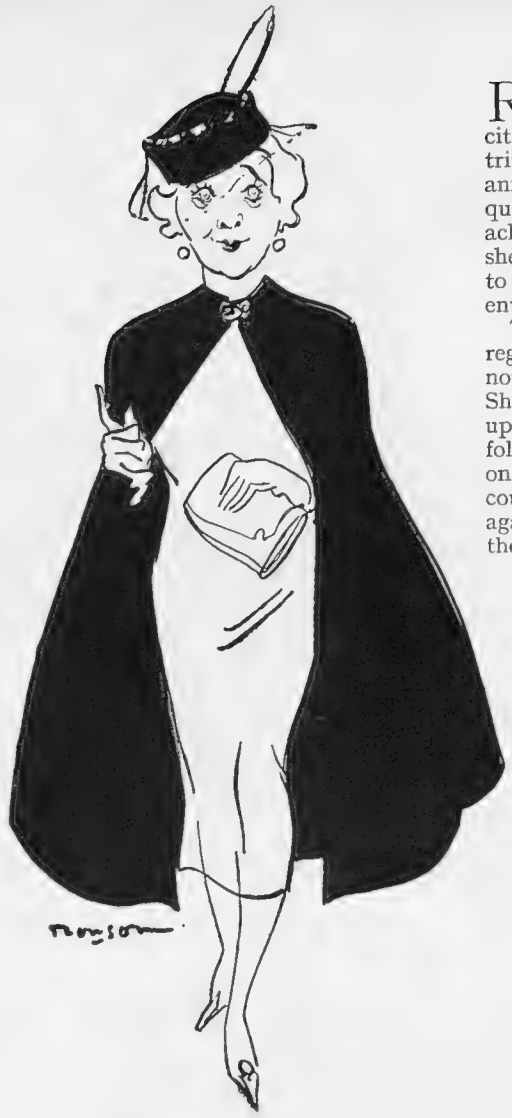
Miss Hersey Williamson

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Mary Goes to See" (Haymarket)

THE title of this play would serve well enough for a burlesque of all the tea-cup, sofa-cushion, chintz-curtain comedies in which Miss Tempest has, from time to time, amused us. As we enter the Haymarket Theatre, it is with a feeling that we must have gone to see *Mary Goes to See* a score of times before. Nor, as we leave, can we complain that we have been misled. Here is familiar territory. All through the play developments may be guessed half an hour before they happen. When Mary (Marie Tempest) leaves her husband (Campbell Gullan) for a spell to find out why her brother (Barry Jones) is unhappy in Connecticut, we know that she will put all to rights. When Mary discovers the source of the trouble to be her brother's sanctimonious wife (Gladys Hanson), whose egregious passion for organising philanthropy subjugates everybody's ego but her own, we know that there will be a battle of wits from which Mary will emerge victorious. And when Mary's brother runs away from his wife with her, and Mary's niece (Carla Lehmann) takes matters into her own hands and marries the man she loves (Dan Tobin), and Mary's nephew (Thorley Walters) gives up office-work for authorship, it is all so expected that we feel we ought, like those audiences at *Young England*, to join in the chorus of praise on the stage and, beating our sticks and umbrellas, loudly assist Barry Jones as he says, "I shouldn't have known what to do without you—you 're a grand person!" Somebody always says this to Miss Tempest somewhere around eleven o'clock.



Veni, vidi, vici (as usual): Mary Berkeley (Marie Tempest)

ROSEMARY CASEY and B. Iden Payne have certainly not written an exciting play. So assured is Mary of her triumph from the outset that not one anxious moment do we suffer. The only question is: How will Mary's triumph be achieved? By what ingenious means will she bring her sister-in-law's domination to an end? What wit, what artifice, what entertaining dodgery will she employ?

The answer is disappointing. Mary, I regret to record, does nothing artful, nothing ingenious, nothing clever at all. She merely advises the family not to put up with it. And in the end the family follows her advice. Since we are always all on the side of Miss Tempest, there is, of course, some pleasure in seeing her win again. But the victory is too easy, and the compensation of hearing Mary call her enemy a bitch (curtain to Act I.), or saying "Boo!" to the butler (curtain to Act II.), is hardly enough.

POSSIBLY the part of Mary is not played quite as it should be played. There are strong indications in the text that Mary is an untidy woman who considers the carpet the right place for cigarette-ash and who revels in disorder. Miss Tempest, with not a hair out of place and her feet immaculately crossed whenever she sits down, might be a pattern of convention... When she enters her sister-in-law's house for the first time, she should burst in like a whirlwind, instead of which she blows in like a nice, neat, brisk little breeze.

Nevertheless, her technique once again invites admiration, while Barry Jones, with little to do, does it very amiably. Gladys Hanson, as the sister-in-law, makes the deadliest prig seen on the stage for a long time—an excellent performance of the one character in the piece worth acting.

Right: adversary without a chance—meeting Dame Marie on her own ground: Clara Davis (Gladys Hanson)

Sketches by Rouson

Left: lovers relying on Dame Marie: Roger (Dan Tobin) and Shirley (Carla Lehmann)

The firm of Davis and Son (Barry Jones and Thorley Walters)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WHETHER the service of news-bulletins in Spanish and Portuguese with which the B.B.C. is to favour Central and South America next month will provide the light-minded with as much clean fun as the B.B.C. Arabic service we can't say till we see the programme. Behind the scenes, no doubt, there have been long and anxious conferences. Wouldn't Bolivia and Ecuador like regular Rugger chats by Howard Marshall? Mightn't Brazil and Peru go crazy with excitement if C. B. Fry described the Test series to them in detail next summer? And what about the musical interludes? Folk-songs? Shanties? Ballads, like "Shipmate o' Mine" and "Glorious Devon"? Latin America is fond of music. We can see the earnest, worried faces round the conference table in Broadcasting House. Should songs be given in English? What is the Spanish for "hey, nonny, nonny" and "zoider"? Or should one get Charlie Bodnick's Four Harmony Rascals to sing "Blow the Man Down" and cheery things like that?

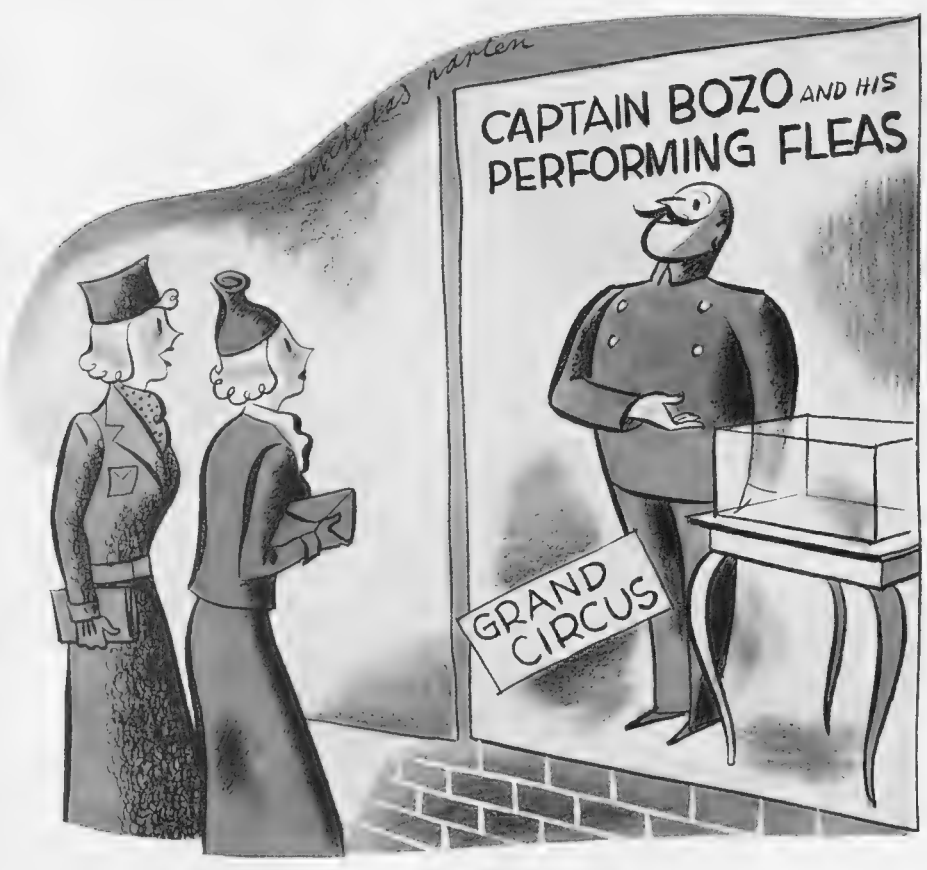
The news end is settled already. Bulletins will be "objective," and compiled by the B.B.C. from reports of British news-agencies. If you've ever looked through a wad of those blurry-typed pink and yellow sheets you'll realise there's very little old Uncle Reuter misses, for one. If a hen lays a circular egg in a remote village of Waziristan he's flashing the news round the world before the fowl has emitted its third chook. So the B.B.C. selectors will have an embarrassing wealth of news to sift for the delight and astonishment of the Latin Americans.

We think, incidentally, that Latin America ought to be given that Saturday night Music Hall Hour. The B.B.C. shrank from offering it to the Arabs (the Foreign Office was extremely jumpy) and we think they were wrong. The Music Hall Hour makes for peace, like a crack on the ear with a leaden club. The Government should make international use of it.

"Kiss and make up or I'll knock your head off"

Jam on It

YIELDING to no man in our admiration for Walt Disney, we fancy a Mr. George Pal may be apt to give him a far from negligible toss before long. Mr. Pal is a Dutch artist, now in Hollywood, who has just finished three advertising talkie- musical- colour-films for a well-known British product. (We've never met him, and we've no rake-off coming from anybody, so you can stop sniffing here and now, see?) We saw a private view of Mr. Pal's films in Wardour Street the other day. His genre is puppets. Somebody explained to us the intensely complicated technique whereby Mr. Pal makes his comic puppets speak and live, but what we chiefly remember is a powerfully grotesque imagination which, for one example, turns a battle between rival aeroplanes into a rich nightmare of tomfoolery. A flight of good 'planes are chasing a flight of wicked 'planes. One of the good 'planes corners a wicked 'plane and dodges it up and down and sideways, snarling like a dog, wagging its tail, countering every move, and finally biting the wicked 'plane to death. The ultimate conclusion (that everybody should take So-and-So's so-and-so) is so cleverly led up to that you feel it's the only possible denouement to a terrific drama. We don't know where these films will ultimately be exhibited, and the ordinary filmgoer may possibly never see them, but if he doesn't he'll miss something good.



"I believe they adore *him!"*

Years ago in the pre-talkie era we used to see quite comic advertising films run through during the interval in Paris cinemas, and we wondered why British firms weren't tapping this rich and obvious lode. They're waking up now, it seems.

Taxi

REMARKING in the King's Bench on the honesty of the average London taxi-driver, Mr. Justice Goddard didn't exaggerate. If you made six bob out of every pound checked on the meter, with what tips you were able to collect and a little extra for luggage and extra passengers, making about £3 a week, you might have a bit of a spiritual struggle if you suddenly found a jewel case in

your cab containing gems worth £12,000, as the particular driver who earned his Lordship's encomium did. We 're not one of those boys who believe honesty to be the exclusive God-given attribute of the Island Race—we 've travelled a bit in our time and found honesty equally rife among the fierce unshaven Latins—but we give the London taxi-man high marks. He 's often handicapped by having to drive a thing like a sentry-box actuated by the earliest known form of clockwork engine, but he 's generally cheerful, polite, patient, and knowledgeable, and when he takes you halfway to Berkeley Square instead of Markham Square, as a cheery old walrus did with us the other night, he generally doesn't curse you for complaining. A Paris taxi-driver would call you natural-history names. A New York taxi-driver would ask you as man to man what the hell you were playing at. (On the other hand, a New York taxi-man will often give you advice about plays to see and avoid. By police regulations his name and photograph are stuck up opposite you, which makes contact easier . . .)

We 've never yet come across Old George, a friend of H. V. Morton's, who has been driving horse-cabs, hansoms, and taxis in London for over forty years without a stain on his licence. Old George was one of the first motor-cab drivers in 1905, when taxis first appeared on the streets, causing a furore. London taxis haven't altered much since then, except that some of them can now do ten miles an hour.

Racket

WHAT a comedy Molière, who took so many enjoyable cracks at the Faculty of Medicine, could base on the current Harley Street overcrowding scandal, with which some of the satiric boys have been making merry! Dr. Cronin started the attack in *The Citadel*, and now the Howard de Walden Estate, which owns Harley Street, is taking it up. It seems that not content with harbouring as many doctors as can be squeezed by regulations into a given Harley Street house, householders sub-let and sub-sub-let consulting-rooms to country and suburban practitioners, who attend, say, once a week and charge their dupes Harley Street fees. ("Le public est commode," as Monsieur Dyafoirus said, speaking for the whole Faculty.) This theme gave the columnist boys plenty of scope for gay embroidery, and Low also took a crack at "the Black Holes of Harley Street," showing a specialist advising a patient in the middle of a cluster of waiting quacks in arm-chairs. But in our estimation it will take more than exposures by Cronin, regulations by the Howard de Walden Estate, and cracks by the comic boys to blow more than the fringes off the Harley Street racket. To-day, as in Molière's time, it flourishes on that fear of death which Léon Daudet, refuting the tedious Freud, suggests is, infinitely more than sex, the chief human preoccupation. It 's probably the truth that Modern Science would have long ago abolished death, at least for the wealthy classes, if the scientists themselves weren't scared stiff of the Harley Street boys, their knives, their bottles, and their germs and their vindictive nature; for once remove fear from rich women and where is your specialist?

Floreat Narkover

"OF course, it 's out of the question to shoot an Old Harrovian," says one of Evelyn Waugh's characters. But in the flash underworld they 're still deeply impressed by the fact that an erring Old Wellingtonian can be ordered twenty strokes of the "cat." Much more painful, in the estimation of chaps who heard the Mayfair gangsters' trial, was the way those four old Public School men squealed and ratted on each other, in a manner (said the *Daily Express*, greatly shocked) which would "disgrace a razor race-gang." *The Times* put its finger on the reason for the ratting when it called the four young men "predatory wasters" of a character "too entirely selfish to be affected for good by any motive but fear." All those cricket sermons in Chapel were obviously wasted. All those stirring appeals to Open the Shoulders and Stand Up to the Bowling and Keep a Straight Bat and Play the Game were disregarded. The Headmasters' Conference will have to revise its theology before long.

There are times when the West End jungle seems bulging with young, lithe, smartly dressed, alert, tigerish old Public School chaps who would cut your throat, kidnap your womenfolk, or burn your house down for a fiver. Douglas Woodruff once suggested that at their Old Boys' dinners of each famous school, the Heads after announcing alumni who had distinguished themselves during the year, should proceed with the names of those Old Boys recently hanged or clapped in jail. Judging by the ties you see in smart West End bars nowadays, and the kind of faces above some of them, this would take up some time at three Old Boys' dinners, and no well-known school would be without its criminal list, except possibly Lancing. Obviously Cricket has failed. It is no longer the religion which made the English what they were. It has lost its grip on the young. If we were the Headmasters' Conference we 'd ponder this very seriously and switch over to yoga, or something. **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

"Oh, this is Miss Ruddock — or Mr. Ruddock, I forget which"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

In Search of Romance

By Alan Thomas

In her latest novel, *No News* (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), Miss Pamela Frankau hands out a very pretty packet of sophisticated scintillation. The story moves less on its own essence than on the spirit of Miss Frankau's wit. Her hero is a Fleet Street journalist, sent by his paper to get the romantic low-down on one Julian Drake, a Master of Finance, the secret adviser of Presidents and Kings, who is supposed to have thrown his hand in all for love. The search, as it happens, ends in a very different kind of sentimental journey. The journalist's first port of call is in the Hebrides, where he falls in with a millionaire who has invented a miniature camera, a semi-detached young thing who had paid out her youth as premium on the hire-purchase of the moon and is now in love with a married man suffering from an incurable disease, and an ex-Bloomsburian artist on the verge of blindness. All of which is promising material for Romance. And since Julian Drake has made a get-away, why not follow up this other crowd and get a story out of each and all of them? After all, they are of our hero's generation, and it would be fun in an age dominated by politics and propaganda to see what the romantics are doing, for a change. The pursuit takes him to Vienna, Paris, Budapest, and, finally, to Sussex. One by one the bubbles of romance are pricked, and by the time our wandering journalist gets back to Fleet Street, there is only one place for the story he has written: his editor's waste-paper basket—like most of those in Fleet Street—was an adequate receptacle. In all the twists and turns of this amusing frolic, Miss Frankau alone remains mistress of the situation. She is the piper, calling her own tune: and the result is a sparkling entertainment.

Mr. D. F. Karaka's book, *I Go West* (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), has a double interest: it shows the effect which an Oxford education and Western surroundings can have on an intelligent young Indian; and it gives the reader a good idea of what modern India is thinking of old England. Mr. Karaka was born in 1911. Coming of a highly respectable Parsee family, he broke with tradition and is now a man of the Left. He is a follower—albeit a distant follower—of Nehru: he wants to see India free from subjection, but he is no whole-hogging revolutionary: he is willing to wait for the coming of the dawn rather than attempt to hasten it by Communistic methods. Mr. Karaka is critical — to the point of bitterness—of the ways of the British towards Indians and other coloured races; at the same time he is hopelessly out of sympathy with many Indian ideas and customs. "When I look at my own countrymen and see how some of them have degraded themselves, I feel ashamed of my own kith and kin." In portraying himself, the author gives an impression of youthful intolerance and idealism, coupled with a rather guilty appreciation of much that the West has to offer. He is full of solicitude for the toiling masses; but when it's time for dinner, the Berkeley—or even Prunier's—will suit him very well. His heart, one may say, is in the East: but he won't say no to a jaunt up West. Which at all events is very honest of him.

And now, since we must all of us do what we can in aid of the national fitness campaign, let us turn to *Athletics* (Dent; 6s.)—one of a series of books on Modern Sports which Mr. Howard Marshall is editing. This particular volume has been edited by Bevil Rudd, and its author is that famous athletic body known as the Achilles Club, which has selected a team of experts to describe the technicalities of their respective events. Thus, Alan Pennington, who represented Great Britain in the Tenth Olympiad at Berlin in 1936, and holds the Oxford record for the 220 yards, says what he knows about sprinting; A. G. K. Brown follows on the quarter-mile; on general and special training for the mile, read J. E. Lovelock. And so on. Every distance has its ace, including that nimble Fleet Street runner, Mr. E. A. Montague, on "gentle trots up to six or seven miles." (Distance, it seems, does not make the heart grow stronger.) And after the races come the other forms of athletic sport—jumping, pole-vaulting, throwing the discus, etc.—and, finally, a chapter on general health and diet. For those of us whose zephyrs and spiked shoes have been put by these twenty years, there is little comfort in these pages. "Nicotine," we read, "has a deleterious effect," and "Alcohol is poison." No truer word was ever written. The book, I am thankful to say, is intended for the young.

Miss Marjorie Jeans' book, *For Ever and Ever* (Cresset Press; 6s.), is, the publishers tell us, a "remarkable study of a mind obsessed with the longing to probe the secret of what the author calls the 'rhythm' of life." I read the story with interest. It gives a realistic account of a man who has had some kind of a nervous breakdown, and is ordered by his doctor to knock off work, and rest. His wife, all patience and sympathy, does what she can to help him. She takes him to the seaside and then into the country. But the poor chap's mind, instead of being at rest, is dwelling continually on his own mortality, on the feeling that he has become someone else, and can understand things that ordinarily he could not have understood. His particular mania runs to the acquisition of a number of clocks. . . . Well, as I say, the story rings true in the sense that one has a clear picture of the invalid and of his devoted wife. But so far as the "rhythm of life" was concerned, I am afraid that side of the story left me rather cold.

For your reading list I recommend *Promised Land* (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.), a historical novel about Hollywood, by Cedric Belfrage; *The Song of the World* (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), an elemental novel of great imaginative beauty by Jean Giono; *The Healing Knife, A Surgeon's Destiny*, by George Sava (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.), who now practises as a consulting surgeon in this country, and consequently writes under a pseudonym; *Madame Curie*, a biography by her daughter, Eve Curie, translated by Vincent Sheean (Heinemann; 10s.); and for an exciting "thick-ear" story of London's underworld on the one hand, and Scotland Yard on the other, *The Wheels*, by James Spenser (Longman's; 7s. 6d.).

Baron

Cecil Roberts

Here you can see what Sir Philip Gibbs meant when he described Cecil Roberts as "a mixture of that amiable genius Grock and Lord Robert Cecil in his lighter moments." The author and Lord Cecil of Chelwood incidentally live opposite each other off Eaton Square. Cecil Roberts's last book, "Victoria 4.30," has rivalled his "Spears Against Us" in its success

1938 DUNLOP 50 YEARS OF GROWTH

It is now 50 years since John Boyd Dunlop—a veterinary surgeon from Ayrshire—invented the pneumatic tyre which laid the foundations of the Company that bears his name. The changed traffic conditions are truly amazing. Uncomfortable solid rubber tyres were eventually abandoned for large sectioned pneumatic tyres and today the majority of vehicles on British roads run on Dunlop tyres. Never were words more true—"Dunlop, first in 1888—foremost ever since."

C.F.H.

A COPY OF THIS PICTURE CAN BE OBTAINED (POST FREE) ON APPLICATION TO DEPT. B., THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Snow White and Her Fairy Prince

"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"

Disney's First Full-Length Picture

Probably Walt Disney, since the early days of Mickey Mouse's career, has given more pleasure to more people all over the world than any other man alive. The one complaint perpetually made against his films is that they are too short. At last he has changed all that, and given us his first full-length picture, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. Three years' work by 570 artists at an expenditure of £250,000 has resulted in a vivid version of Peter Grimm's tale. Its loveliness is very lovely, its humour very funny, its horrors very horrible. These reproductions show Snow White and her Prince in a Rackham-like setting and the Dwarfs in more familiar Disney style. The film broke all records in New York, and is now at the New Gallery for a run of twenty weeks

The Dwarfs are Doc, Happy, Sleepy, Grumpy, Dopey, Sneezey, Bashful

Films of the Day

Creatures of Fantasy

By George Campbell

Is *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* quite as miraculous as it was said to be? I doubt it, but it hardly matters. The years it took to make, the thousands of drawings it contains, the hundreds of thousands it cost, the millions it is going to bring in—the ballyhoo experts have established a new high in the matter of vital statistics; and if the film were only half as good as they said, it would still be pretty colossal.

For myself, not expecting too much even from Mr. Disney, I found *Snow White* enchanting. The tale is the best box-office blend of gangster and Cinderella; it has been embroidered with a hundred imaginative touches, and it is told with a gusto and urgency that sweeps you along, as excited for the fate of these children of pen and colour-box as if they were all flesh and blood. In five minutes you have forgotten the peculiar process of their gestation. Snow White gains your affections as firmly as ever Janet Gaynor or Deanna Durbin did; the Queen, beautiful but wicked, you loathe with a deadly loathing; the Huntsman is as real as Al Capone. Only the Prince remains synthetic, like the Principal Boy in a pantomime.

Best of all are the Seven Dwarfs, embodiments of human characteristics familiar to us all. One by one they engage your affections, and by the end, Mr. Disney's decision that poor little Dopey must die inspires a resentment that is the best of all tributes to his creator. Altogether a lovely, amusing, exciting picture to which you should hasten to take the family before they take you and a golden opportunity to do a good turn, and thoroughly enjoy doing it, is lost for ever.

Comedy may be wild, romance may be whimsy, but a spy-story should be fool-proof. It is not enough that the hero should carry his life in his hands. He must carry brains in his head. Mistakes he is bound to make, being only human; but the mistakes will be gambles that turned out wrong, not the blunders of sheer stupidity.

I believe Marthe McKenna, the author of *Lancer Spy*, did some espionage work herself during the war. She and Philip Dunne, the adaptor, and Gregory Ratoff, the director, have been at some pains to establish credibility. We see the hero's cheek scarred and his hair cropped until he can pass for the German prisoner, Baron von Rohbach—though how a naval officer could be expected to impersonate a Lancer and get away with it is something I don't quite understand; and the gallant commander has a wife and child thrown in, not because they are essential to the plot, but just to make it harder. He watches the prisoner through a hole in the wall until he can imitate his voice and mannerisms, he is third-degreed (as he may be in Germany) on his bogus story until he collapses from sheer fatigue.

Yet when the time comes to call the real Baron out of his cell and send the Englishman in to take his place, nobody bothers to notice what the Baron has been doing. Actually he has been having his boots cleaned by his German batman. He goes out with one pair half-cleaned, and returns with a different pair, shining brilliantly. A little bullying is supposed to convince the batman he is mistaken. This is the sort of thing that my own private intelligence system finds distinctly offensive.

Again (to go on being thoroughly objectionable), how is the Englishman, when he reaches Berlin, to know old friend from total stranger? How will he account for ignorance of places, inability to find his way round certain houses he should know well, forgetfulness of old flirtations, and jokes shared with friends? These risks must be accepted, otherwise there will be no plot. But they could be lessened. It is a first premise in a story of this kind that the plan must be as near perfection as is humanly possible; the spy, by inference, is brilliant or he would not be picked.

Why, then, advertise the hero's resemblance to the Baron by publishing his photograph in an English paper? And why does he do the one thing he has been told not to do? By way of a trap, the suspicious German Police Chief tells the bogus Baron that he has an agent amongst the clerks at the British Admiralty. Though the hero has been urgently warned by his chief in England to concentrate on one thing, the date and place of the coming German offensive, and ignore everything else, he promptly composes a message which would have resulted in the clerk being caught and the source of the information revealed. Only the hackneyed device of having the German girl agent warn the Englishman of the trap saves his life.

But all these improbabilities pale into insignificance beside the climax. The bogus Baron makes friends with a great German general, rather like Hindenburg. The general takes a fancy to him, and accepts an invitation to supper at which he eats too much goulash, a dish I have always suspected of being lethal, and falls dead. The English spy gallantly toasts the corpse, bags his keys, goes to headquarters (apparently devoid of sentries), opens the safe, removes the Papers, and makes his getaway. The little fact that the plan is now known to an enemy agent apparently does not prevent the German High Command from going ahead with it. Obstinacy like that deserves to lose.

Subject to the limitations of his script, George Sanders does well enough in his first star part, but I am inclined to think that the light-heavy, the villain with distinction and charm, is his forte. Time will tell. Dolores del Rio is the glamorous spy whom any film fan would detect at first sight; Maurice Moscovitch makes a human figure of the old general; and Sig Rumann and Peter Lorre, as a German secret service chief and his henchman, keep bobbing up together like Nervo and Knox, but not half so entertaining.

"Lancer Spy"—George Sanders, Dolores del Rio, Joseph Schildkraut

George Sanders is a young British actor who does well with his first star part in this American espionage film, doubling the English spy and the German prisoner of war whose identity the spy takes. What kind of a story the film has appears in the review on this page. It has been showing at the Regal

At Kitzbühl

Visitors and Natives

The Newspaper Man

Adolf Komater was photographed when his daily wares were full of the Hitler-Schuschnigg conversations — but he offers some nice light reading as well

English Sisters from Davos

Miss Pamela and Miss Patricia Fitz-Gerald are two rosy-cheeked sisters, very good on their skis, who had just come on from Davos to try the Austrian snow. They live at Fleet in Hampshire

Herr Tony Praxmair

Tony. Praxmair runs the famous Kitzbühl café of that name. He and his yodellers had a terrific success when they came to London last autumn

Russian Sisters from Paris

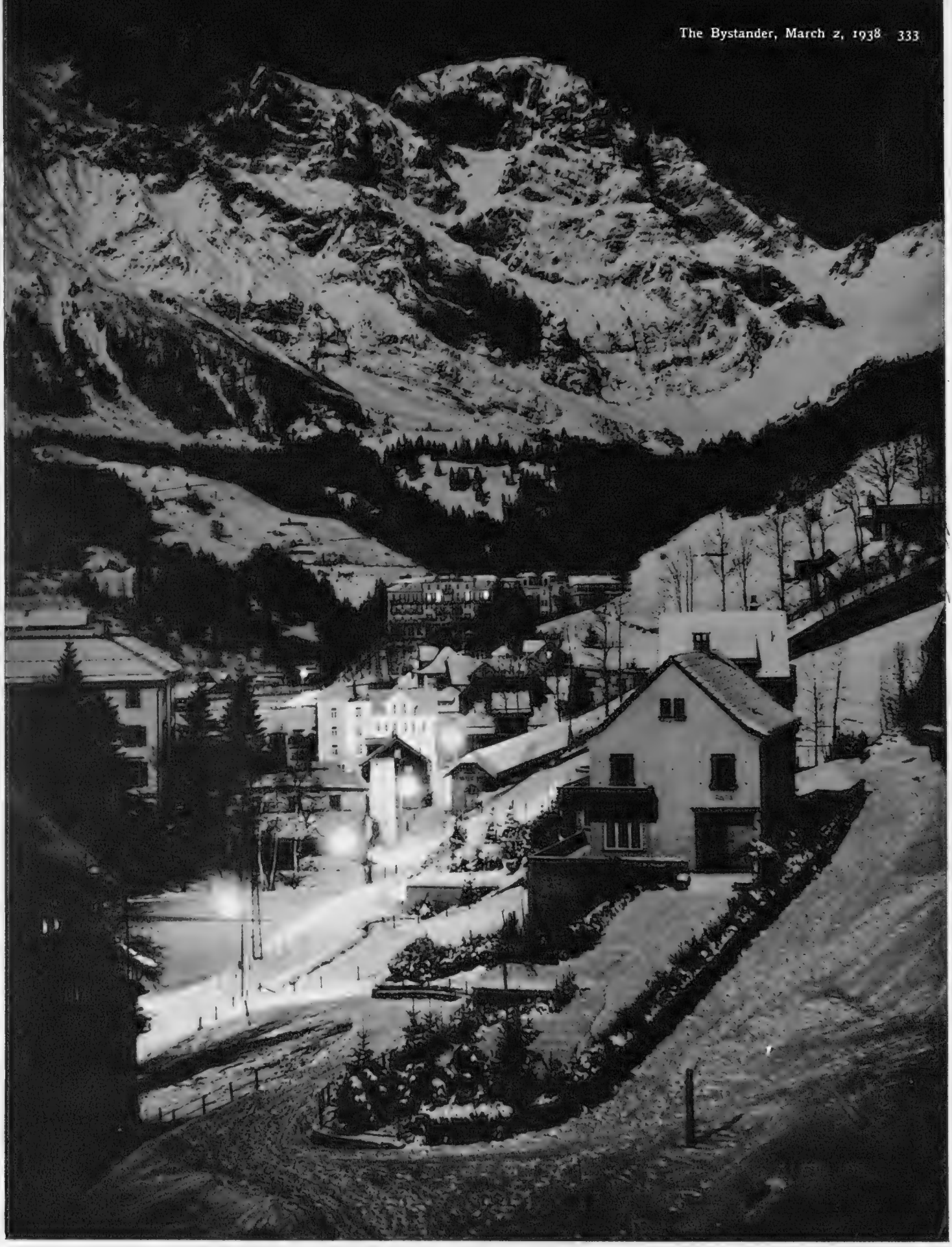
Mlle. Vera and Tamara Prascovsky live in Paris, go often to the Riviera, and are ski-ing in Kitzbühl. They are nieces of Mrs. Vera Cottingham

Miss Crichton

Rosemary Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, whose home is Monzie Castle, Perthshire, was one of the late-February visitors to the Tyrolean snows

The Hon. Helen Ward

Right: Helen Ward, who is the second of Lord Bangor's three daughters, sat in the sun in "civilian" clothes, surrounded by books and writing-paper



Norman Parkinson

Moonlight Over Engelberg

In the "Valley of the Angels" lies Engelberg, packed now with ski-ers of all nations feverishly doing their last days' training before the World Ski-Racing Championships which take place next Saturday, Sunday and Monday. The British teams of men and women have come on from Grindelwald, Wengen and Mürren, where they have spent the last three weeks, also in training, and unfortunately, not without several of them having to retire hurt. More pictures of Engelberg are on the next two pages

"F.I.S."—a Topical Decoration on the Frozen Trübsee

The Monastery of Engelberg and the Angel Mountain Itself

SNOW HOLIDAY

No. 8. Engelberg

The Trübsee, where those ski-ers so neatly wrote "F.I.S.," is 2500 feet above Engelberg, by funicular and cable railway. The little hotel by the lake is the starting-point of a good and exhilarating run down to the village, or of climbs up to the higher runs. One of the features of Engelberg is that wonderful old monastery on the left, very familiar to beginners whose nursery slopes lie on the other side. The Angel mountain, her great black wings outstretched, sails through the misty clouds above. The village itself is still a really Swiss one, not too overwhelmed by the atmosphere of migrancy, though this week no doubt the villagers will seem to have vanished in the torrent of ski-racers, trainers, friends, reporters and photographers who are pouring in for the World Championships

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by Norman Parkinson

Below : Two Ski-ers Inspect the Titlis Slopes where an F.I.S. Course Runs

The Finale of

Andrée Howard as Ariel in Her Ballet "The Rape of the Lock"

Andrée Howard

And Her New Ballet "Croquis de Mercure"

Andrée Howard both as dancer and choregrapher is entirely a product of the Ballet Club. She has trained under Marie Rambert since 1925 when she was fifteen and began to dance. All her choregraphic work has been done for the small stage and small company of the Ballet Club, and for this she has evolved a style and expressiveness of her own. For several of her ballets, including *Death and the Maiden, La Muse S'Amuse, Cinderella,* she also designed the sets and dresses. Her latest ballet *Croquis de Mercure,* was given at the performance two weeks ago which celebrated the Club's seventh anniversary. It is a series of balletic sketches lightly connected, full of wit, freshness, and invention, with Walter Gore as Mercury, and Elisabeth Schooling, Daphne Gow and Andrée Howard herself as the Three Graces. The music is by Satie, and the setting and costumes are again by the choregrapher

Photographs by Anthony

Walter Gore as Mercury

" Croquis de Mercure"

Below: Andrée Howard in " Death and the Maiden"

Andrée Howard and Frank Staff in the Adagio

Three of Eire's Artists

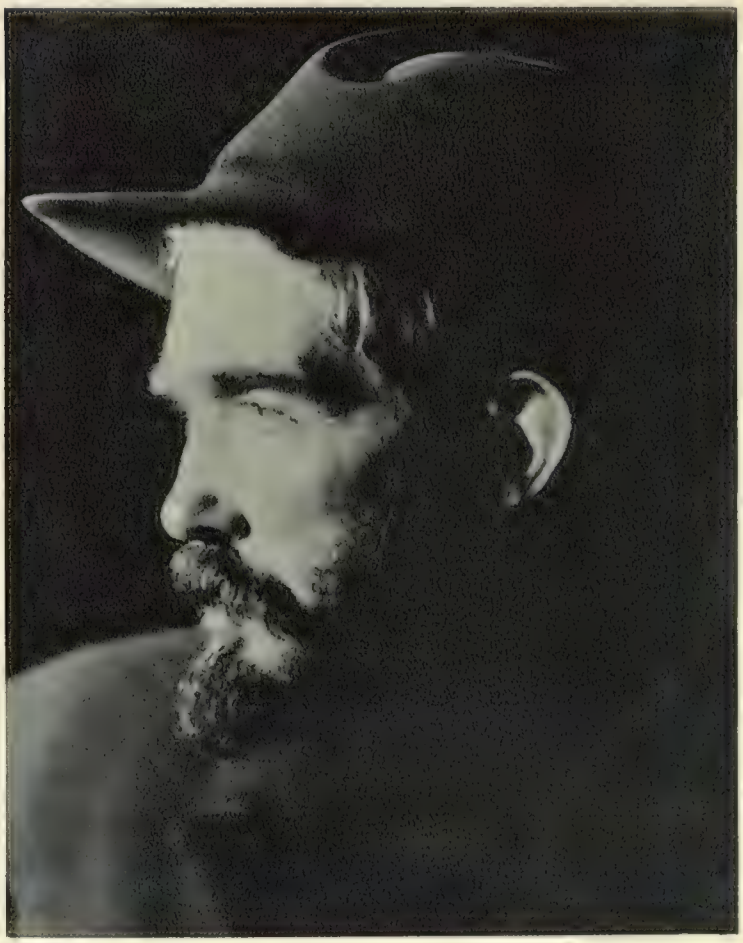
Dermod O'Brien, President of the R.H.A.

Dermod O'Brien *is one of the most imposing figures in the cultural life of Ireland, with an extraordinarily wide range of interests. Besides his achievements as a portrait and landscape painter, and his twenty-seven years' Presidency of the R.H.A., he is a good musician—plays the 'cello, and is Vice-President and President of the Royal Irish Academy of Music and the Dublin Musical Society respectively—and an agricultural expert, and takes as well a pretty active interest in politics, museums, art galleries, and the doings of his home town, Limerick, of which he is a Freeman and a Deputy-Lieutenant. He is seventy-three this year*

Sean Keating *also comes from Limerick, now lives and works in Dublin, and is a lecturer at the Metropolitan School of Art, to which he went as a scholarship winner from the country in 1909. Some time after that he went off to Arran, the rocky island off the west coast, for four years, and still goes there when he paints to please himself. He is an R.H.A., and has contributed to the Royal Academy since 1936*

Paul Henry *was born in Belfast, studied there and in Paris—with Laurens and Whistler—and then, result of a holiday in Achill Island, adopted the West of Ireland as his own. He has painted it, written about it, done L.M.S. posters of it; in galleries scattered about the world are reminders to exiles of its clear, soft blueness of atmosphere, which this artist has such a unique power of conveying in his landscapes*

Photographs by Chancellor, Dublin



Sean Keating, R.H.A.

Paul Henry, R.H.A.

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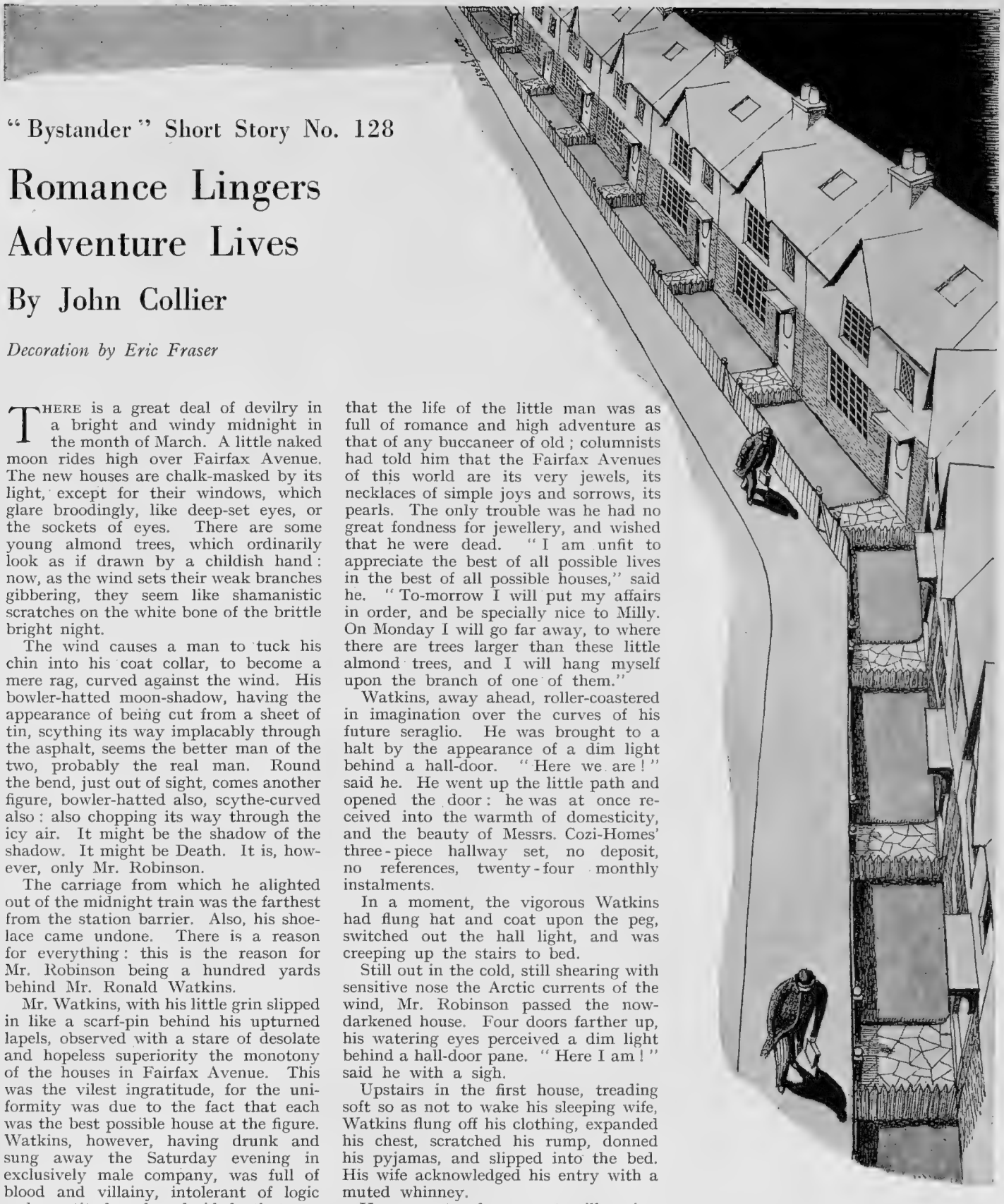
The Man's Cigarette that Women like



"Bystander" Short Story No. 128

Romance Lingers Adventure Lives

By John Collier

Decoration by Eric Fraser

THERE is a great deal of devilry in a bright and windy midnight in the month of March. A little naked moon rides high over Fairfax Avenue. The new houses are chalk-masked by its light, except for their windows, which glare broodingly, like deep-set eyes, or the sockets of eyes. There are some young almond trees, which ordinarily look as if drawn by a childish hand: now, as the wind sets their weak branches gibbering, they seem like shamanistic scratches on the white bone of the brittle bright night.

The wind causes a man to tuck his chin into his coat collar, to become a mere rag, curved against the wind. His bowler-hatted moon-shadow, having the appearance of being cut from a sheet of tin, scything its way implacably through the asphalt, seems the better man of the two, probably the real man. Round the bend, just out of sight, comes another figure, bowler-hatted also, scythe-curved also: also chopping its way through the icy air. It might be the shadow of the shadow. It might be Death. It is, however, only Mr. Robinson.

The carriage from which he alighted out of the midnight train was the farthest from the station barrier. Also, his shoelace came undone. There is a reason for everything: this is the reason for Mr. Robinson being a hundred yards behind Mr. Ronald Watkins.

Mr. Watkins, with his little grin slipped in like a scarf-pin behind his upturned lapels, observed with a stare of desolate and hopeless superiority the monotony of the houses in Fairfax Avenue. This was the vilest ingratitude, for the uniformity was due to the fact that each was the best possible house at the figure. Watkins, however, having drunk and sung away the Saturday evening in exclusively male company, was full of blood and villainy, intolerant of logic and gratitude: he decided that on Monday he would rob the bank at which he was employed, and fly to South America, where he would set up a seraglio.

How different were the thoughts of Mr. Robinson, as, out of sight, round the bend, he sheared his way into the wind and also regarded the monotony of Fairfax Avenue! The good Robinson fully realised that each house was the best possible at the price: he knew that each chalky bump was a vertebra in the backbone of the country; he had read that the life of the little man was as full of romance and high adventure as that of any buccaneer of old; columnists had told him that the Fairfax Avenues of this world are its very jewels, its necklaces of simple joys and sorrows, its pearls. The only trouble was he had no great fondness for jewellery, and wished that he were dead. "I am unfit to appreciate the best of all possible lives in the best of all possible houses," said he. "To-morrow I will put my affairs in order, and be specially nice to Milly. On Monday I will go far away, to where there are trees larger than these little almond trees, and I will hang myself upon the branch of one of them."

Watkins, away ahead, roller-coastered in imagination over the curves of his future seraglio. He was brought to a halt by the appearance of a dim light behind a hall-door. "Here we are!" said he. He went up the little path and opened the door: he was at once received into the warmth of domesticity, and the beauty of Messrs. Cozi-Homes' three-piece hallway set, no deposit, no references, twenty-four monthly instalments.

In a moment, the vigorous Watkins had flung hat and coat upon the peg, switched out the hall light, and was creeping up the stairs to bed.

Still out in the cold, still shearing with sensitive nose the Arctic currents of the wind, Mr. Robinson passed the now-darkened house. Four doors farther up, his watering eyes perceived a dim light behind a hall-door pane. "Here I am!" said he with a sigh.

Upstairs in the first house, treading soft so as not to wake his sleeping wife, Watkins flung off his clothing, expanded his chest, scratched his rump, donned his pyjamas, and slipped into the bed. His wife acknowledged his entry with a muted whinney.

Here were two human caterpillars, immobile in a cotton cocoon, awaiting the pupescence of sleep.

There is, however, a great deal of devilry at midnight on a Saturday. What was the influence that drew the lady up like Proserpina from the dark depths, and reclaimed the gentleman like Solomon from the contemplation of his seraglio? Was it that which had been moribund three years, or was it something totally different? Glorious to relate, it felt like something totally different.

"M-m?" said he.

"M-m, m-m," said she.

And something very much of the same sort happened to Mr. Robinson.

Both couples slept late on Sunday morning, and when they woke the ladies did what they had not done since honeymoon days. That is to say, they rose smiling in the darkness of the curtained rooms, and hastened downstairs to prepare a morning cup of coffee.

Watkins, waking to full consciousness, heard the clink of the crockery below. He smiled, stretched, scratched, expanded

(Concluded on page 342)

HILLMAN

"14"

FIVE SEATER

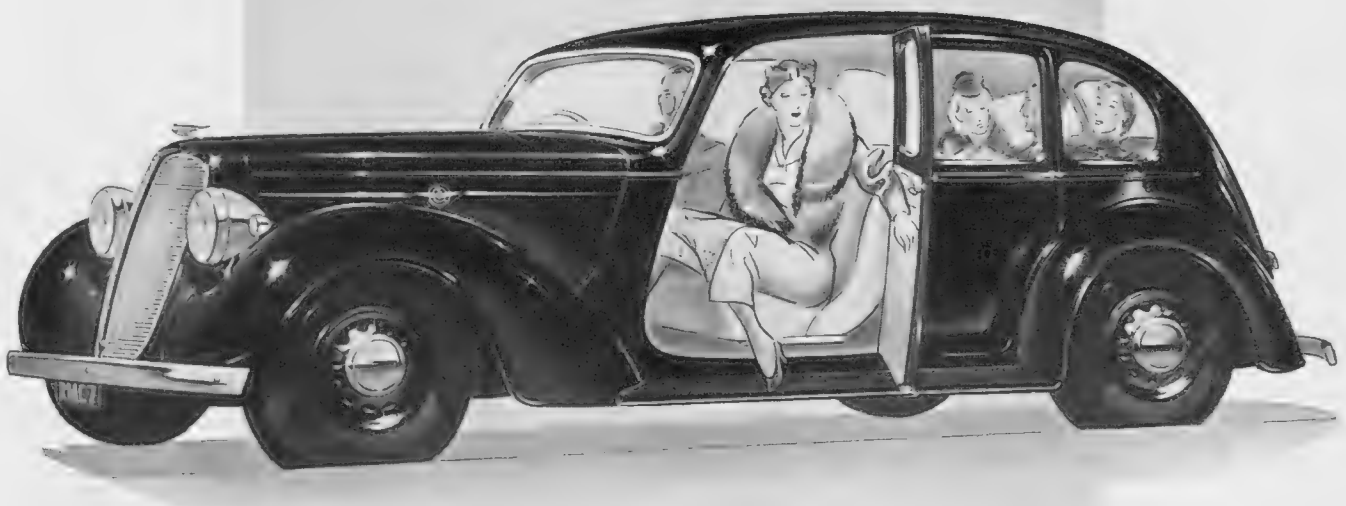


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Illustration above shows the Howick Falls, Natal.

Illustration below shows Zebra and Wildebeeste in the Kruger Wild Life Sanctuary.

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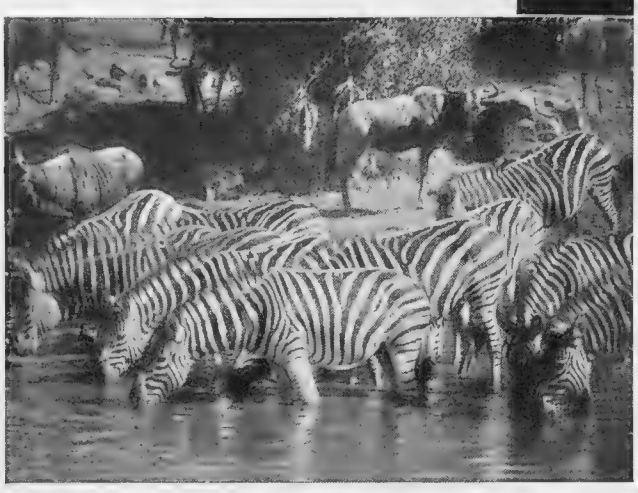

Romance Lingers, Adventure Lives

(Continued from page 340)

his chest, and with a coy smile abandoned himself to a warm flood of happiness. This, like a gulf stream, bore his thoughts away from South America and set the almonds all a-blossoming in Fairfax Avenue.

Watkins descended the stairs, entered the little kitchen; there was the steaming coffee; there was a beloved figure in a new-washed flowery wrapper bending over the toast at the gas-stove. He bestowed a jovial but appreciative pinch, and took up the newspaper.

"How manly!" thought she.

At the same moment Mr. Robinson was descending the stairs, and in a similar mood. To him also was accorded the scent of new-made coffee, and the sight of a sweet figure in flowered wrapper bending over the toast. He bestowed a lingering and grateful kiss just where the hair twirls in little tendrils at the back of the neck, and took up the newspaper.

"How refined!" thought she.

"This is very odd," said Mr. Watkins, when he had sipped his coffee, and skimmed smilingly over an account of a fugitive bank clerk being arrested at Southampton. "This is very odd: where is the True Detective Story feature in this Sunday's *Telegram*?"

"That is not the *Telegram*," said the lady at the stove. "And you," said she, on a rising note, "and you are not my husband!"

With that she fell to the floor in a faint of the third intensity.

"I got into the wrong house last night," murmured Watkins. "I had better get off home."

He quickly assembled his clothes and left the house. On his way along the Avenue he passed Mr. Robinson, with whom he was unacquainted. Each was too busy concocting an excuse for staying in town overnight, to take any notice of the other.

Mr. Watkins found Mrs. Watkins, and Mr. Robinson found Mrs. Robinson, highly agitated at the unaccountable absence of their husbands, and too relieved at their return to scrutinise very closely the likelihood of the excuses they made.

They each had a nice little cut of beef for their Sunday lunch, and after lunch they took a nap, while their wives looked out of the window. Their dreams were not unpleasant, and when they woke Fairfax Avenue no longer seemed so monotonous as to justify a resort to crime or suicide. Whether this cheerful mood would have prevailed for long it is impossible to say: the fact is that Mrs. Robinson shortly afterwards made the acquaintance of Mrs. Watkins, while seeking a strayed kitten, and the two families became the greatest of friends, and spent most of their evenings, their week-ends and their summer holidays together.

This happy relationship altogether banished monotony from Fairfax Avenue, and it would have persisted to this day, had not a slight coolness arisen last spring owing to Mr. Robinson refusing Mr. Watkins the loan of his lawn-mower.

THE END

Carnival Cooks at Nice

They had perfect Riviera weather for Nice's gayest carnival for years, when these chefs paraded in King Carnival's procession. They are stuffing birds of a feather into their pots, the parrot (evidently English) crying "Oh secour" and the hen. "Adieu Coco"

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Golf Clubs at Home

Calcot, Berks

The Calcot Golf Club is situated near Reading on a fine old estate. Its club-house should really be called a club-mansion, for it is one of the loveliest and best-appointed for many miles. The golf is of the park type, the course lying on pleasantly undulating turf amid groups of trees. Its total length is 6174 yards

(1) R. W. Wells (captain). (2) John Greenly and Col. J. H. M. Greenly (chairman). (3) L. Francis, E. C. Denis de Vitré (secretary) and E. B. Wilbraham. (4) C. W. Mole. (5) E. Bradbeer (professional). (6) J. B. Roger and H. E. Smeed. (7) L. H. Way. (8) T. E. Congdon. (9) J. Joyce. (10) R. Mole

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Hayling Golf Club

THERE are few people who have seen more golf courses than I have; it is, therefore, not often that I get an opportunity of playing for the first time over a course which has been held in high esteem for many years. I did, however, get this opportunity about the middle of last month, when I paid my first visit to the Hayling Golf Club. I had often heard its praises sung, especially by two ladies of my acquaintance, who always use superlatives when they talk about it. I now know that they were not exaggerating as much as they usually do.

The golf links at Hayling is still a links; it is one of the few seaside courses which have not yet been ruined by over-watering and over-fertilising, and I do hope that it never will be. The land on which the golf course is situated is in the south-west corner of Hayling Island, and is ideal golfing country. If you got hold of the biggest fool you could find, and told him on the golf course at Hayling to put in anywhere a white peg, and then walk 440 yards and put in a blue peg, and to repeat this operation ten times, you would find, if you made teeing grounds on the sites of the white pegs and greens on the sites of the blue pegs, that you would have, I am sure, at least eight very fine golf holes. Conversely if you made putting greens on the sites of the white pegs and tees on the sites of the blue pegs, you could also make very fine holes.

I HOPE I am not like some golfers of my acquaintance, who, if they go round a course on their first visit in 68, say that it is a very fine course, that it is a very good test of the game, and that, unless you play really well and place all your shots exactly where you ought to, you will have no chance of doing a reasonable score. These same golfers, you will generally find, when they have taken 80 shots or more on a strange course immediately label it rotten and unfair.

I am leading up, I hope tactfully, to the first hole I ever played at Hayling. This was in a foursome. I was playing in a match against the Hayling Golf Club, and on the first tee, at a hole of 181 yards, put my partner, who is a Walker Cup player (whether this means he is a good player or not is not for me to say), in to bat; he played a very good shot, and all I then had to do was to tap in a little putt of 6 yards to win the hole in 2 from a couple of local heroes. I can say in all truth, that even if we had taken 3, I would still have formed the opinion that Hayling provides seaside golf of the highest class.

THE course at Hayling measures 6501 yards, and has five one-shot holes, all of which are good holes. There is nearly always a stiff breeze to compete with at Hayling; unfortunately, when I played there, it blew from the north-east, as I was informed that the course is very much better when the wind is from the south-west. If this is true, and my informant was a member of a profession in which truth and knowledge are essential qualifications, it must be really very great golf when a south-westerly wind blows.

There are fine tee-shots over sand-dunes at the third, ninth, twelfth, and thirteenth holes; at the latter hole you have to drive over a huge sandhill, known as "The Widow." At the third you can funk the carry and sneak round by the left, but at the other holes you are forced to be brave.

Besides the sand-dunes and other fine natural features and undulations, a cutting and a quarry have been brought into play; the cutting should be carried by the second shot at the sixth hole, and with the wind against it requires a deal of carrying. When I played, many considered that "discretion is the better part of valour," and preferred to play short to attempting the carry. The quarry is to the left of the second shot to the fourteenth hole, and catches many a shot which has been struck with the slightest degree of pull.

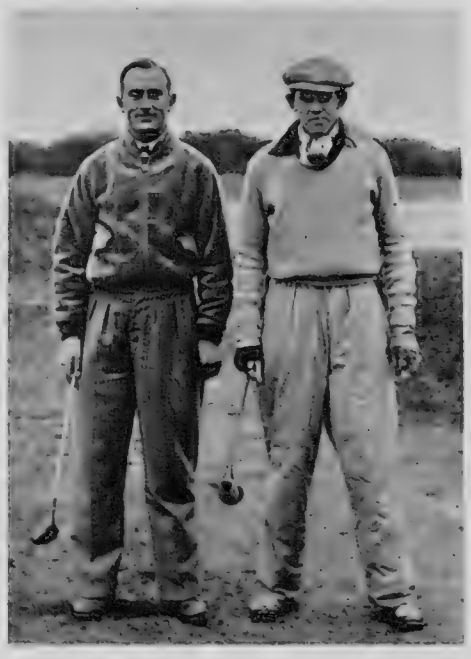
Dr. Deiter and Mr. Paine

Dr. O. B. Deiter (Ashridge) won the second division prize with 74 in the eighteen-holes stroke competition at Berkhamsted organised by the Hazards G.S. In the foursomes he and J. C. Paine played together, winning with 33⅜ points

NO one, amateur or professional, has yet beaten a score of 70 at Hayling. The professional record is held by E. R. Whitcombe and A. J. Lacey with scores of 71, and the amateur record by D. S. Redman, a Hayling specialist, and A. D. Locke, the South African, with scores of 72, which were returned last year. In 1936, the English Ladies' Close Championship was played at Hayling, when Miss Wanda Morgan won. I always think that it is an extremely good advertisement for a course when the best player wins on it.

The standard scratch score is 75, but I do not think this information will be of interest to any real golfer; what the latter wants to know is whether a course is a good one or not.

A. Hawes is captain of the Hazards Golfing Society, which held its eighteen-holes stroke competition at Berkhamsted. He is talking to C. J. Piercy, the Society's honorary treasurer



W. R. Skinner and F. B. Allpass were photographed at Berkhamsted's first tee. Skinner, who is a member of Moor Park Golf Club, returned the best score for the last nine holes—36

S. Rangecroft and E. McLennan were making up their cards after completing the course at Berkhamsted. The first division stroke prize was won by F. S. Physick, of Moor Park

Blue Shirt Won at Windsor

Coming over the open ditch in the Fringford Handicap 'Chase at Windsor are Ballyfox (Archibald up), Alarmist (Butchers up) and Blue Shirt (D. Morgan up). The last-named, owned by Mr. Arthur Sainsbury, came first and Ballyfox (Comdr. N. Whitehead's) ran second to him

Takvor Pacha Won at Newbury

The Marquis de San Miguel's French entry for the National was closely watched in the Swindon Steeplechase at Newbury, which it won. Here are the horse, the owner, and Manby, the trainer (right), taken before the race

Howard Marshall on Sport

MR. ANTHONY EDEN has rather stolen our thunder this week. Never have I known so many people talking about politics and neglecting everything else. I could hardly find anyone who would discuss Grand National prospects with any concentrated intelligence, even after Delachance's victory at Lingfield.

Perhaps all this political flurry has temporarily put sport in its proper place; and it is, I must admit, rather a relief to find that there are no sporting crises to engage our attention.

Even the meeting of the Advisory County Cricket Committee at Lord's last week passed relatively quietly. There was, however, one important decision which may radically affect our cricket next summer.

The Committee accepted the recommendation of the Findlay Commission about the scoring of County Championship points. Briefly, the scheme is this:

For a win outright, twelve points are awarded, and a tie counts six points each. Four points are always to be awarded to the side leading on the first innings, even if it loses the match. For first innings lead in an unfinished match four points are given, and when there is no play, or no result on the first innings, the match is not to be included in the table of results.

This ingenious plan should stimulate enterprising cricket, for under this system of scoring every incentive is given to going all out for victory, and no advantage will be gained by playing for a draw.

So far, so good. But it is interesting to note that the Committee rejected most of the other recommendations in the 8000-word report which they are considering.

It seems a little odd to appoint such experts as Mr. W. Findlay, Mr. R. C. N. Palairet, Mr. R. H. Mallett and Mr. H. D. Bessemer, send them round the country investigating the problems of county cricket for a whole summer, and then shelve the major part of their advice.

Nothing was done, for example, about the proposal that the number of counties should be reduced. And on the whole we are bound

Hermann Steuri has been responsible, with his brother, Fritz, for training the British men's and women's teams for next week-end's World Ski Championships at Engelberg. It was at Grindelwald that this picture of him was taken with Jeannette Kessler, non-racing captain, and Bunty Walker, one of our reserves last year

Peter Aitchison raced in the 1937 British team for the FIS championship, now called the World's Ski Championship. He is a Gold K, goes climbing in the summer with his father, Mr. Irvine Aitchison

A Sporting Diary

So many compilations claiming to be "vest-pocket companions" have swollen to suitcase size that the first tribute to the "*Sporting and Dramatic*" *Fixture Pocket Book* must be to say it will really go into (and stay in) a waistcoat pocket. Invaluable to the sportsman, it contains sectional road maps of the kingdom, maps of London Transport and a calendar, as well as the usual diary of sporting and social events in 1938 and chief sporting results of 1937. It can be had for 6*d.*, including postage, from the Publisher, *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

An Open Fight for the Ball

Fighting for the ball in hockey is much more an affair of skill and balance than in Rugger. This picture, taken in the first trial at Uppingham, which Colours won by a goal to nil, shows D. C. S. Ball and A. J. Stuart in a duel. Stuart was probably the winner, as he is nearer the ball, better balanced and in a position which suggests perfect control

A Close Fight for the Ball

The intimate contacts of Rugger need less muscular precision but more weight and determination than hockey. This picture is from the Navy v. Air Force match at Twickenham, which the sailors won by ten points to six. Flt.-Lieut. Wilson's kick forward has been almost completely muffled by a decisive tackle from the Navy captain, Lieut. (E.) N. L. Evans

to admit that the organisation of county cricket will remain as haphazard as ever. Apparently the essential drastic action will not be taken until calamity stares us in the face; and calamity, unless I am much mistaken, is only just round the corner now.

FROM cricket to boxing, and the prospect of Len Harvey's return to the ring for his cruiser-weight championship fight against the belligerent Jock McAvoy at Harringay on March 23rd.

We have got into the habit of regarding Harvey as a veteran. But he is no older than Walter Neusel, and still without question one of the fittest men in the country.

Harvey has never been an exhilarating boxer to watch from the point of view of those who demand thud and blunder in the ring. But he does stand for the noble art of self-defence. Those who appreciate the finer points of the game will always delight in Harvey's cleverness. And on this occasion it will be tested by a man who represents the other school.

Harvey has a shrewd idea that he can really come back into the limelight and recapture the British heavy-weight championship. So convinced is he of this that he has given up his position as boxing match-maker to Wembley Stadium, and he intends to concentrate on fighting once more.

Among the younger heavy-weights, I am particularly interested in the chances of George James, a beautifully-built youngster from Ebbw Vale, who beat Jim Wilde, of Swansea, last week for the Welsh title.

THE Boat Race, in the meanwhile, is definitely taking shape. The Cambridge crew is fixed and should now be able to settle down and gain confidence. Oxford are not quite so far advanced in the sense that further changes in the crew are likely.

It was very bad luck on Pepys that he should strain his back, for this is a particularly troublesome injury and some reshuffle will probably be necessary.

Dr. Mallam's coaching has been directed towards steadying out, and although this has meant an inevitable, though temporary, sacrifice of uniformity, the crew are going ahead most satisfactorily and working to a definite plan.

The odds at the moment are undoubtedly on Oxford. But the race is a long way off yet.

IT is pleasant to hear, by the way, that we shall see Donald Budge at Wimbledon again this summer, for the meeting would not be complete without him.

He has announced that, despite the tempting offers which have been made to him, he does not propose to turn professional this year, though he will need to have a prolonged rest before he seriously enters the field of championship tennis again.

His tour in Australia showed that he was a tired man and the life of a tennis champion must inevitably be extraordinarily exacting.

NEXT Saturday we have one of the great matches of the Rugby year—the Navy and the Army at Twickenham. On paper the Army should win comfortably again, for their team is heavily sprinkled with illustrious International players. They have won the Services Tournament regularly since 1932 with the exception of 1935, when there was a tie.

I have an idea that the Navy will press them very hard. It was most encouraging to see the way the Navy forwards took hold of the game against the Air Force. It is not often in these days that we find a pack so well grounded in the fundamental arts of scrummaging that it can control the run of play and snatch an apparently lost game out of the fire.

If the Navy forwards fail, the Army should win comfortably. For their attack is infinitely more promising.

The non-partisan spectator, however, cares very little about the result. This particular match is so rich in the essential qualities of Rugby football that it is worth most other representative games rolled into one.

I APOLOGISE for referring to the forthcoming South African Rugby tour again, but it is a matter of such importance that we must not overlook it in our concern with home affairs.

I have had several letters from South Africa recently, emphasising the need for choosing a team which behaves well both on and off the field. This is an ambassadorial trip if ever there was one. And unless we can gather a side which will represent the British tradition of sportsmanship worthily, we had better cancel the tour here and now.

Below: St. Catherine's bumped their way into the unenviable sandwich position at the expense of Magdalen II. during Toggers, and remained there. This mêlée results from the inefficiency of both crews and coxes, for the bumped should row on and bumpers hold their boat up as soon as a bump is acknowledged. New College went head of the river

Point to Point

For Soldiers and Undergraduates

The Royal Horse Guards *held a cross-country race over Quorn country from Barsby to Brooksby Gate, which was won by Captain Eion Merry, seen here with his wife and Lord Sefton. The last-named is now retired from the Guards, but is honorary Colonel of a Territorial Brigade of Gunners in his county of Lancashire*

Sir Harold Wernher *and his ex-deb daughter Georgina were talking to their host, the Hon. Peter Beatty, when the Quorn met at Brooksby Hall. Mr. Beatty was deputising for his brother, Lord Beatty, who was still in hospital from his hunting accident*

Another rider *in the Royal Horse Guards steeplechase was Captain Sir Peter Grant Lawson. Competitors finished the course in time to meet with the Quorn at Brooksby*

Watching the Blues *in their race from Barsby to Brooksby Gate were Mrs. Morris Keating, Lady Rosemary Eliot and Miss Primula Rollo. Miss Rollo, who is Lady Kathleen Rollo's daughter, later joined the Quorn meet at Brooksby Hall*

Cambridge University *held their 'chases at Cottenham, as always, when the going was excellent, and the Master of the Drag, Mr. van Cutsam rode three winners. Two spectators were Miss Agnes Celestria King and the Hon. Mariegold Howard*

Oxford University's *point-to-point, held at Dean Buildings, included the Scots Guards race for the Grosvenor Cup. Spectators there were Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Seely and the Hon. Julian Brougham (disabled) and his mother, Mrs. Philip Kindersley*

MORE THAN SOMEWHAT!

Weather-proof, dust-proof, heat-proof and literally huge in its capacity, the Chrysler Luggage Compartment will comfortably hold all the passengers' luggage—and then more.

Here are its dimensions:—Height 2′ 3½″, Depth 3′ 3½″, Width 4′ 3″. Total capacity approximately 30 cubic feet.

Chrysler

Chrysler Features: New High Compression engine . . . "Floating Power" engine mounting . . . Automatic Overdrive . . . Three Way Ventilation . . . Deeper Windscreen . . . Sway eliminator . . . Improved lines front and rear . . . Triplex glass all round . . . More luggage accommodation . . . Chair-height seating . . . Body insulated from noise and heat. . . . Hypoid Rear Axle . . . Prices from £335 to £975.

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• "BYSTANDER" SPRING MOTOR SECTION

Spring Motoring

By Alan C. Hess

SPRING MOTOR NUMBER! What a wealth of promise is held in these three words! Apple-blossom seen against a cloudless sky; a hot road beneath one's wheels and an unidentifiable uplifting within one's heart.

On an English spring day it is quite impossible to stay indoors. I hate clichés such as "The Call of the Open Road," but really, I don't know how else to express this tugging at one to get into the car and speed forth into the verdant glories of the countryside. No; I promise not to mention lambs or larks or love, but for the sake of alliteration I must just say a word or two about—lamps, er—Lucas lamps!

ONE of the many things which impressed me on a recent visit I paid to the Birmingham factory of the Lucas concern was a demonstration of one of the well-known Lucas "flat-topped beam" foglamps and "passlights." These lamps have a special reflector and shielded bulb construction throwing a broad, low, flat-topped beam which does not dazzle other road-users or cause back-glare in mist or fog. And, despite my panegyric, it must be admitted that, even in English springtime, we sometimes get mist (or fog!).

One of the lamps I was shown was fixed opposite a screen which allowed the beam formation to be studied, the various lamp-components being hinged so that they could be swung into or out of position. First one saw the effect of the lower half of the reflector alone, giving the basis of the flat-topped beam. Then the upper half was swung down, and with this part in position the beam was still flat-topped but the intensity of the light was doubled and all concentrated below the axis of the reflector; a bulb-shield prevented any top light coming directly from the bulb. Finally, the fluted front glass was slid down into place, and the beam again changed, becoming broader without losing any of its intensity.

Not many people, one suspects, will have realised how much thought and careful design go into the making of an apparently simple article like the "flat-topped beam" foglamp.

AT this time of year, many new motorists take to our already congested roads, and it is wise to treat the red "L" with the caution it deserves. A little consideration shown to the tyro is about the cheapest form of motoring insurance I know of—and one whose no-claim bonus is in the form of a feeling of rectitude and complacency which has to be experienced to be believed!

Not only are many new motorists taking to the road just now, but also many new cars. Most motorists are aware that after running-in a new car it is advisable to drain and flush the crank-case and then refill it with fresh oil. What is not generally recognised, however, is that at the same time it is advisable to clean the sparking-plugs. The reason for this is that during the light-running period the engine does not get hot enough to prevent the formation of carbon deposit on the plug points and the cavity surrounding them. Therefore, when the crank-case is drained it is also a good plan to clean the plugs and so prevent misfiring and loss of power at a time when the greatest engine efficiency is expected. It is pointed out by the Lodge Company that this advice applies even more to the running-in period after a rebore than to the initial 500 miles, for old plugs will be less capable of withstanding these conditions.

And whilst on the subject of new cars and new motorists, here is a tip from the Royal Automobile Club which seems a very sound exhortation to me: "Always have a piece of cloth handy to wipe both the front and rear number-plates whenever an opportunity presents itself." And the reason? The latest Home Office return giving the number of offences relating to motor-vehicles in England and Wales reveals the fact that 18,655 car-owners, motor-cyclists, or lorry-drivers were dealt with by the police for offences in connection with number-plates. Of this number 11,062 were cautioned, 7593 were prosecuted, and 6104 of these were convicted, the total amount inflicted in fines being £3999.

Spring in France

Although it might be a Devonshire lane it is actually on the Grande Corniche between Nice and Menton, and the fortunate motorist is ready to whip off along that superb road in his superb Humber Pullman

Spring in England

The sticky buds are just bursting and the pale sun gleams on the Hooper Sedanca coach-work of a "Phantom III." Rolls-Royce; background is Fawsley dower-house, a ruin since 1720

THOSE of us who visited the Earl's Court Motor Exhibition last autumn could not fail to be impressed by the strides which have been made during the past two years in the design and construction of motor-caravans. For caravan-minded motorists (and those due for conversion!) an exhibition of the very latest in caravans and trailers is being organised by the London Caravan Company, Ltd., of 21, Dering Street, London, W.1, from the 21st to the 27th of this month. More than sixty different models will be on view, and to assist business people the exhibition grounds will be floodlit after dusk, whilst the caravans placed inside the new buildings recently erected will each have mains electric lighting. It will, therefore, be possible to make as careful an inspection in the evening as during the day.

Caravan-owners who contemplate changing for a new model are invited to take their caravan, stay on an adjoining camping site, and select their new model, with which it will be possible for them to return after the exhibition, leaving the old one behind.

"BYSTANDER" SPRING MOTOR SECTION

Out and About

HAVE you ever noticed what a lot of inns and petrol-filling stations stand on corner sites? I wonder whether this is by accident or by design? For a confectioner's or tobacconist's or greengrocer's I can see the obvious advantages of such a position; but for an inn or a filling-station, each with its pull-in inviting vehicular visitors, such a position seems to me to invite danger. Readers may feel that this subject has little or nothing to do with motoring per se, but in my view anything affecting road safety should come within the motorist's immediate purview.

In the particular case in point, not only is it a fact that the most dangerous part of any road is the corner of it, but there is the additional danger of pedestrians using the pull-in as a short cut. Evidently innkeepers and petrol-station proprietors think the desirability of such locations more than outweighs their obvious disadvantage—the danger they promote.

Do you?

THE poor parking facilities afforded private motorists in London are one cause for genuine grievance among those overtaxed victims of restrictive legislation. The congested state of the streets is another. That there were nearly 1300 more taxicabs than private cars in Piccadilly during a period of four hours one day last month when the weather was fine and the roads dry, is one of the interesting facts which have come to light as the result of observations taken in London by the Automobile Association. It will be recalled that the police census of traffic in London, which was issued a short time ago, grouped taxicabs and private cars in the same category and that the combined figure represented 38·4 per cent. of all the vehicles then recorded.

The A.A. observations were taken at four points—Oxford Street, Piccadilly, Victoria Embankment, and at the northern end of the Sutton by-pass, a typical London exit, with the object of assessing the comparative density of car and cab traffic, and the census was confined to these vehicles. The times of the observations in each case were 9 to 10 a.m., 1 to 2 p.m., 3 to 4 p.m., and 6 to 7 p.m. At Oxford Street during the four hours 2626 vehicles passed the census point, 1469 private cars and 1157 cabs, of which no fewer than 984 were disengaged. The Piccadilly figures showed that out of a total of 5049, taxicabs actually numbered 3172, and that of these 2365 were without passengers. At Victoria Embankment 3707 private cars and 1236 taxis were observed. Here it was not possible accurately to distinguish between hired and vacant cabs owing to the periodic density, but it was obvious that the majority carried passengers. Only 3 cabs (all hired) were recorded at the Sutton by-pass, and 1983 private cars. It is significant that if the Sutton by-pass point is excluded and only the three Central London thoroughfares considered, the comparison is 7063 private cars to 5565 taxis.

These figures show the causes of traffic congestion in a new light, and when considered in relation to the proportion which commercial and public service vehicles form of the total traffic, 35 per cent., according to the police return, refute the suggestion that private cars occupy an undue amount of space in the streets of London.

AND talking of road-conditions, I recently came across a twenty-nine-year-old copy of *The Surrey Comet*, and in it I found this:

So the motorists are to have their way, and as a reward for their disregard of the law governing speed on the public highway, they are to have roads of their own made for them with the assistance of the public funds, though ultimately the motorists are to pay. For the sake of the beauty of the countryside it is to be hoped that in designing and laying down the new roads, long, straight ones will be avoided, and some regard be had to the picturesque.

That was in August 1909. To-day, we might feel justified in paraphrasing it thus:

So the motorists have never had their way. For as a result of jerry-builders having been allowed to indulge in uncontrolled ribbon-development, and all sorts of untaxed road-users having been provided with road facilities to which they have contributed precisely nothing, and as a result of the Road Fund having been raided by a succession of Chancellors who have misapplied the motorist's money to the provision of out-relief pay for non-motorists, the roads promised twenty-nine years ago are still virtually non-existent.

A Fine Drive

It's a fine drive in a 1938 Chrysler "Kew" touring saloon, comfortable for all five passengers and joy for the driver

Distinguished Lines

AMO 865 is an M.G. 1½-litre four-door saloon which competes, in its own medium, with the eye-pleasing quality of Cotswold stone

I SUPPOSE that ninety-nine motorists out of a hundred believe that such air as may have escaped from their tyres over a period has been lost through the valve. Quite frankly, I always thought so myself until last week when a representative of the Schrader Company told me that the air lost by a tyre is oxygen which has seeped through the tyre itself. He went on to say that if the tyre were inflated with nitrogen there would be no leakage. What he did not go on to say, however, was why, if the oxygen seeps through the rubber, it seeps only through the walls of the tube and cover and not through the rubber valve.

Still, I suppose there's a reason—or isn't there?

CECIL KIMBER ON INDIVIDUALITY

When I first started producing the M.G. car I did it because I thought other folk would share my desire to own something distinctive.

A car a little different and a little better in appearance and in performance.

That I was right in appealing to that individualistic trait that is inherent in every Briton is proved by the ever increasing sales since 1923.

Try one some time and you'll see what I mean.

Cecil Kimber

MANAGING DIRECTOR OF M.G. CARS

"BRITISH CARS ARE BETTER BUILT—BRITISH CARS LAST LONGER"

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● "BYSTANDER" SPRING MOTOR SECTION

British Motor Racing

Prospects of 1938

Halfway Up the Bank: Mr. Hess deals here with the 1938 racing programme and prospects on big British tracks: this typical picture was taken at Brooklands

THE coming season is likely to be one of the busiest ones for motor racing this country has ever known. Certainly it will be the busiest since the war.

The calendar of British fixtures shows one event of major importance every week-end for the next eight months, and more than one event on many of them. Brooklands, Donington and the Crystal Palace all have very full programmes, while Shelsley Walsh is planning bigger and better things than ever before. In addition, Southport is actively engaged in the construction of a new road-racing circuit and new hill-climb venues at Prescott Park and Dover are receiving the finishing touches. Prescott Park, by the way, is likely to provide us with the spectacle of Wimille at the wheel of the latest Bugatti.

IMPROVEMENTS at Brooklands include the proposal to run a minimum of two races over the outer circuit at all B.A.R.C. meetings (five in number), the remainder taking place over the Campbell circuit. Personally, I believe the Brooklands authorities are making a great mistake in dropping racing round the Mountain circuit—except for the Mountain Championship in October—as I feel certain in my own mind that most members of the public like these races better than those over the Campbell circuit, as they are easier to follow. Time will show whether or not my contention is correct; but, in any case, those responsible for organising Brooklands racing have taken an irrevocable decision in the matter so far as the 1938 season is concerned.

An innovation will be the combined car and motor-cycle racing programme of the opening meeting on Saturday week. Once again, I am not sure of the wisdom of the authorities in running such mixed meetings, for, whereas it may attract a few more motor-cyclists into the cheap enclosures, it may tend to keep away some of the "bigger money" which is interested only in cars. From the betting point of view, it is hard to say what the effect of these mixed meetings may be, but if they act as a stimulus to the Brooklands bookmakers to lengthen their previous ridiculously cramped odds, the experiment will have been well worth while for that alone!

It is good news for Brooklands competitors that the racing committee have decided to alter the Vickers Bridge corner in such a way as to prevent any driver who gets into difficulties at this point striking the parapet of the Vickers Bridge. It will be remembered that it was at this point that Earl Howe met with a serious accident during the Campbell Trophy race last year, and the same spot was the scene of other lesser mishaps later in the season.

THE principal improvement at the Crystal Palace concerns a point which I criticised (rather to the displeasure of the proprietors) last October, when I objected to their practice of basing starting-positions in final heats upon times set up in practice, instead of upon speeds attained in eliminating heats. My criticism of this system was criticised at the time by the clerk of the course, but I see from the regulations governing the Coronation Trophy race, to be run at the Crystal Palace on April 2nd, that, in accordance with Reg. 10, ". . . time taken to complete heats will determine starting positions for the final." Verb. sap.!

It is interesting, too, to note that the distance of the final heat of the Coronation Trophy race has been increased by two miles this year, in order to enable drivers to compete for the B.R.D.C. Gold Star on the prevailing higher-marks scale.

QUITE a lot of re-surfacing of corners has gone on at Donington during the winter, while new and improved pit accommodation and control office facilities have been provided. Anyone who was so fortunate as to witness the International Grand Prix at Donington last October will know what an ideal circuit this is for a really spectacular race, and it is heartening news to learn that there is reason for us to expect to see the German cars over here for many more events during the coming season—including, by the way, a possibility of attacks on certain Brooklands records and entries for the Brighton speed trials, to be held earlier this year, on July 2nd.

The little difficulty between the organisers of the Shelsley Walsh hill climb and the B.B.C. apparently has not yet been settled, but I do not think it will be long before a satisfactory compromise is arrived at. The proposal to run a class for pre-war cars is an excellent one, and I venture to prophesy that it will come as a considerable surprise to many to find these veteran cars putting up quite fast climbs. There are, I know, a number of elderly Napier, Clement and Mercédès cars of pre-war vintage which are capable of making the ascent in less than a minute—which is about as much as some modern sports cars can do!

Retrospect to 1937: *The start of the International Grand Prix at Donington shows the victorious Germans in the lead (Nos. 2, 1, and 3)*

FINALLY, the new international formula will, of course, exercise a considerable influence over 1938 racing in this country. So far as I can see now, it is an influence which will be all to the good, for it will bring us many more foreign cars running on a parity with our own E.R.A.'s.

It is only to be expected that in the early working stages of a new formula, all the contestants will encounter "teething-troubles," but it is reasonable to hope that the domination of Germany may, by its operation, become a thing of the past, and that harder racing with an even greater emphasis on sheer driving ability will result.

BRITISH CARS — BEST IN THE LONG RUN

"WHAT MADE YOU FINALLY DECIDE"?

"WELL-YOU GET SO MUCH MORE IN AN AUSTIN"

THE CAMBRIDGE TEN SALOON

AUSTINS have never been—and may never be—the cheapest cars. For every Austin is built to give, "pressed down and running over," those three qualities which every modern car should possess.

MORE SAFETY Austin engines are both powerful and docile; designed to form, with steering, gears and brakes, a sensitively responsive unit which can be driven with greater confidence—at higher average speeds—through the busiest streets, over the longest journeys.

MORE COMFORT The springing is smoother, the upholstery deeper, the head-and-elbow-room greater in an Austin. For the comfort of both passengers and driver always has been and always will be the prime consideration when planning Austin bodies.

MORE BEAUTY The beauty of an Austin is the *practical* beauty of a car in which neither comfort nor safety has been sacrificed for the sake of effect. Austin comfort is part and parcel of Austin line—that gracious sweeping line which flows from radiator to stop-light.

Above all, it is the tradition of in-built quality and worth which makes every Austin an investment—an investment which yields rich dividends of safety, comfort and pride of ownership.

You buy a car — but you invest in an

Austin

CAMBRIDGE TEN SALOON

A 4-door, 4-seater family car, light to handle, economical to run. Rubber-suspended engine, synchromesh gears; Girling brakes; all-steel, sound-insulated body; real leather upholstery; adjustable front seats; Triplex toughened glass. Lavishly equipped from dual wipers to large luggage locker (enclosing spare wheel).

PLUS

the graceful modern lines which—with roominess, comfort and dependability — make Austin Britain's most favoured car.

£185

DE LUXE SALOON £195
(at works)

Have you seen the Austin Magazine for March?

The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Birmingham & 479 Oxford St., W.1. London Service Depots: 12, 14, 18 & 20 h.p.—Holland Park W.11. 7 & 10 h.p.—North Row, W.1. Export Dept.: Birmingham

● "BYSTANDER" SPRING MOTOR SECTION

Cars on the Road

The Renault 26·8-h.p. Six-cylinder Saloon

The Morris 14-h.p. Six-cylinder (Series III) Saloon

The Ford V-8 in Trafalgar Square: a 22-h.p. Model

WHAT a lot of hooey children are taught! Why, when I was a kid, my nurse told me that spring is the time of year when Mother Nature puts on her new dress—and all that sort of thing!

It was not until I grew up that I plumbed the depths of her deceit.

Now, of course, I know that spring is the time of year when the motor trade gets busy.

Yes, "Spring in the Air" has been translated with the passage of time to mean "Cars on the Road," and how fortunate is the motorist of to-day in having such a galaxy of wonderful cars from which to select his new model! Really, I don't know why the said motorist of to-day waits until the storms and floods of winter are past before buying his car, for the modern car renders one so independent of the vagaries of the weather. Still, I suppose it 's a matter of custom.

And so, with the advent of spring we see the influx on to the roads of the season's new cars, and we begin to fidget with our chequebooks and to notice for the first time those squeaks and rattles which have lately developed in our own cars. Perhaps the best-reasoned argument in favour of buying your new car in the spring is that it will just be nicely run-in and in its prime when the summer holiday tour comes along.

A NUMBER of readers of the BYSTANDER have written to me during the past six weeks saying, as with one voice, "Now that the spring is upon us, I am contemplating buying a new car. What do you recommend me to get?" They then go on to tell me the various factors which must govern their choice—the number in family; the need for wide-opening doors because one of them is crippled; the requirement of a car which can easily be maintained by an owner-driver; one good for long, fast trips or one good for pottering around town. But in most cases the problem resolves itself into one of £ s. d.

Well, it is unbelievably hard to advise these correspondents really confidently. To-day there is no such thing as a bad car. That some are better than others is obvious, but as often as not the price reveals the reason for this disparity. Be that as it may, I believe the best way to decide on your new car is to set yourself a little problem on paper something like this:

Place the following twelve car characteristics in order of their importance to you.

1. Price.
2. Cost of upkeep (tax, insurance, running costs, etc.).
3. Appearance.
4. Speed.
5. Refinement of performance.
6. Ease of control.
7. Ease of owner-maintenance.
8. British or foreign.
9. Accommodation.
10. Over-all size.
11. Second-hand value.
12. Completeness of equipment.

When you have done this to your entire satisfaction, discard such of the twelve considerations as you feel you can ignore. Of those which are left, sub-divide them as minutely as possible. By this I mean, in the question of cost, for instance, make up your mind on the maximum you are prepared to spend and write this down opposite No. 1. Similarly, opposite No. 9, for example, put your exact requirements. When you have amplified all the remaining points in this way, you will find your choice is much more restricted than you had thought.

Obviously, it is impossible for me to survey here all the new season's models, but I will just give a few details of some of the more popular makes as a guide to those who may still be vacillating between A and B, so to speak.

FIRST, of course, we must place Rolls-Royce. Two chassis types only comprise their range—the 25/30 h.p. model and the 40/50 h.p. "Phantom III." Four different bodies are listed on the former chassis—an enclosed limousine at £1610, a touring

(*Continued on page* 358)

A *Big Six* that really is BIG . .

. . . in Everything except Price and Running-Costs . . . . . .

For the motorist who likes to savour the thrill of surging power . . . who likes to offer his passengers the gliding, silent comfort of a big saloon and the reassuring safety of powerful mechanical Servo brakes . . . who, nevertheless, believes that something between the three-and-four-hundred mark is a reasonable price to pay for his car . . . for such was the Renault 6-cylinder 6-seater created.

It is a 6-seater in *reality*—not merely in its designer's optimistic imagination. If six stout gentlemen ride in it they will ride at ease—without unwittingly picking each other's pockets when reaching for their matches!

And Renault gives this big, handsome, *distinguished* Saloon a big, sturdy engine—big and big-hearted. A car, in truth, that is BIG in everything except its initial cost and its upkeep expenses.

RENAULT

26.8 6-cyl. Saloon (Tax £20 5s 0d) built-in luggage compartment with trunks, 4 wheel jacks, transverse rear springing, sunshine roof, etc. £320.

Eight seater Limousine (with or without division) £420.

Other Renault Models from £198. Early deliveries of all models.

SERVICE: Renault works at Acton carries a comprehensive stock of SPARE PARTS covering every Renault model for the last ten years.

RENAULT LTD., Western Avenue, London, W.3. (Acorn 4655)

West End Showrooms: 21 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. (Whitehall 7270)

CVS—187

"BYSTANDER" SPRING MOTOR SECTION (Continued)

The Vauxhall 10-h.p. Saloon

The Hillman "Minx" Saloon

The Rover 16-h.p. Saloon

The Lanchester "Roadrider" de Luxe Saloon

limousine at £1740, a saloon at £1605, and a close-coupled saloon costing £1695. On the larger chassis a saloon (with division) costs £2675, while the Pullman limousine is listed at £2670. Definitely in the luxury class, it is, I feel, superfluous for me to add that these Rolls-Royce cars are nevertheless suitable for continuous hard work, giving the acme of comfort and elegance under all normal conditions.

But it is not everyone who can aspire to the finest car in the world. Paterfamilias, indeed, probably would not feel at all at home with a Rolls-Royce even if he could afford one. His immediate requirements are admirably catered for by a host of manufacturers, but by none are they met better than by the Austin Company, whose range includes models likely to suit the pockets and the needs of all.

SEVEN chassis models of varying horse-power comprise the Austin range, the cheapest being the two-seater Austin "Seven" at £112 and the costliest the "Mayfair" limousine and landaulet on the 20-h.p. chassis at £650. In between these extremes come four other types on the 7-h.p. chassis at prices ranging between £120 and £135; two models, both saloons, on the "Big Seven" chassis at £155 and £160 respectively; three 10-h.p. models costing in turn £185, £195, and £199; two 12-h.p. saloons at £220 and £230, and a 12-h.p. cabriolet at £237; three 14-h.p. models between £250 and £267, and five 18-h.p. models (all saloons) at prices from £350 to £383.

EXTREME elegance allied with a really good performance characterises the three designs to which the S.S. Company justifiably pin their faith for 1938. The cheapest 1½-litre "Jaguar" costs £298, while their most expensive model, the 3½-litre drop-head coupé, is listed at £465. These cars are notable for speed and all-round efficiency, while their body-work and general refinement of finish excite admiration everywhere. The 1½-litre drop-head coupé costs £318, the 2½-litre "100" two-seater is £395, the same price as the saloon on this chassis; while the 2½-litre with a drop-head coupé body costs just £20 more. On the 3½-litre chassis, in addition to the drop-head coupé already referred to, there are a saloon and a "100" two-seater, both priced at £445.

DISCRIMINATING motorists have lately become more than ever conscious of the outstanding merits of the Rover range, in which choice is provided from eight models on five different chassis, all of which are equipped with automatic chassis lubrication. The sports saloon on the speed model chassis is the most expensive, costing £425, while a mere £255 will purchase the 10 h.p. saloon. On the 12-h.p. chassis a saloon and sports saloon cost £300 and £310 respectively, while similar models on the 14-h.p. chassis cost £20 more in both instances. The 16-h.p. model has the same chassis as the speed model, but a smaller engine. The 16-h.p. saloon costs £360 as against £370 for the sports saloon, while, as already stated, the speed model sports saloon is the most expensive Rover available at £425.

THE Renault Company has long been famed for the sturdy dependability of its products. In its range of 1938 cars, this old-established French concern also gives us a far greater degree of comfort than hitherto.

From its little 8-h.p. model at £155 with independent front springing to its sumptuous touring limousine on the 26·8-h.p. chassis at £420, these new Renaults offer exceptional value. In addition to these two models, there are four models on the 12-h.p. chassis at prices between £198 and £255; six models on the 17·9-h.p. chassis varying in price from £245 to £335, and two other 26·8-h.p. models at £375 and £390 respectively, all these models having synchromesh gears.

THE Hillman range is at present enjoying a greater degree of popularity than ever before in the history of this successful

(Continued on page 360)

JAGUAR

Writing on the Jaguar models, the Hon. Maynard Greville said in "Country Life," "... for some time S.S. have been producing vehicles of the highest class with a performance that challenges anything in the world." Many similar tributes have been paid to the Jaguar range, and there is no question that the 1938 models are the finest Jaguars yet produced. 1½ litre saloon £298 (drophead - £318). 2½ litre saloon £395 (drophead - £415). 3½ litre saloon £445 (drophead - £465).

S.S. CARS LTD., COVENTRY. LONDON SHOWROOMS: HENLYS LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1

"BYSTANDER" SPRING MOTOR SECTION *(Continued)*

company. And deservedly so, for it represents a degree of value for money the betterment of which it would be hard to imagine.

On the "Minx" chassis (10 h.p.), three models are available—a safety saloon at £169, a saloon de luxe at £184, and a drop-head coupé at £215. There are also a safety saloon and a saloon de luxe on the 14-h.p. chassis which has independent front suspension, these costing £248 and £268 respectively; while the seven-seater chassis (21 h.p.) is fitted with a saloon at £375 and a limousine at £395.

THE new Chrysler and Dodge models are typical of all that is best in modern American cars. Massive in appearance, yes; but singularly docile to handle for all their flashing performance. Riding comfort and attention to detail distinguish these cars, and for long tours they afford a degree of effortless efficiency which is most restful to the driver.

THE M.G. of 1938 has style and elegance. It is a quality car whose price is ridiculously low in proportion to the experience, design, material and workmanship which it embodies.

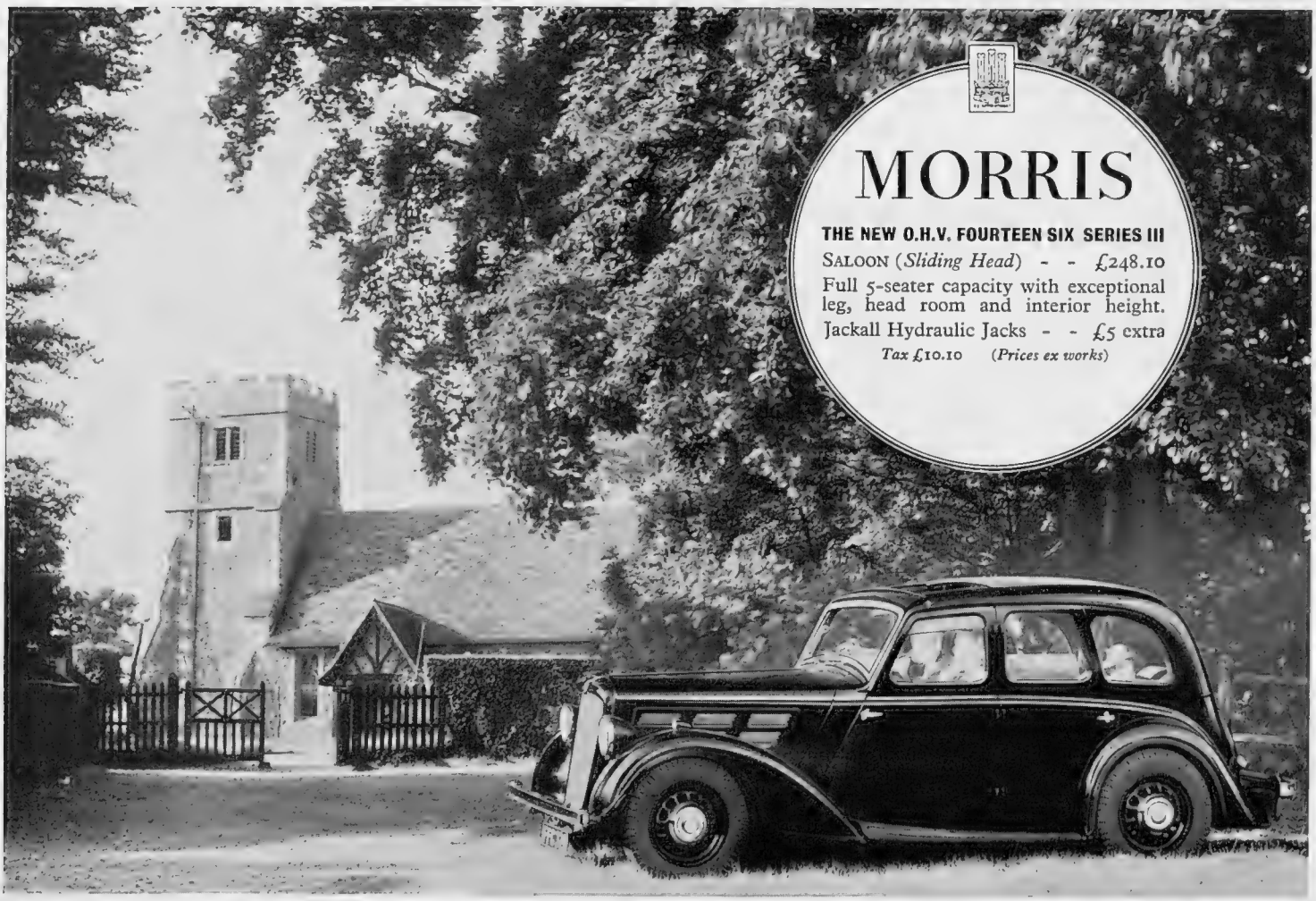
Seven models on three different chassis comprise the full range, these being the Series T two-seater "Midget" at £222; the 1½-litre Series V saloon at £325; folding-head foursome at £351, and tourer at £280, all with adjustable steering-wheel, and, on the 2-litre chassis (Series S), a saloon at £389, a folding-head foursome at £415, and a tourer at £399, again all with adjustable steering-wheel, and, in the case of the Series S models, also with built-in jacks.

FROM a sister-factory comes Mr. Everyman's car—the Morris. Here is a range of models such as no other manufacturer has ever attempted to produce. Ranging from 8 h.p. to 25 h.p., this firm's programme spans the whole market with its products. Altogether, the Morris comprises fourteen different models, six styles of coachwork being standardised on the 8-h.p. chassis alone.

The two-seater costs £126, the tourer £128, the same price as the two-door saloon with fixed head, while with sliding head this model costs £11 more—£139, which, incidentally, is also the cost of the four-door saloon with fixed head, the latter model with sliding head costing £149. Of the "Ten-Four" (Series III.) Morris models, three are available, the saloon with fixed head costing £185, the same car with a sliding head being sold at £195, and the special coupé at £220. The "Twelve-Four" (Series III.) has fixed-head and sliding-head saloons only—at £205 and £215 respectively—and both the "Ten-Four" and these models are available with hydraulic jacks at £5 extra and are fitted with compensated voltage-control as standard. The Morris "Fourteen-Six" (Series III.) is fitted with one type of coachwork only—a sliding-head saloon which sells at £248. This model is also equipped with compensated voltage-control, and can be supplied with hydraulic jacks for an additional £5. The biggest car in the Morris range is the "Twenty-Five" (Series III.), which has a six-cylinder engine of 3485 cubic centimetres capacity. The saloon with sliding head costs £320, and is equipped as standard with compensated voltage-control, hydraulic jacks, and a fog-lamp;

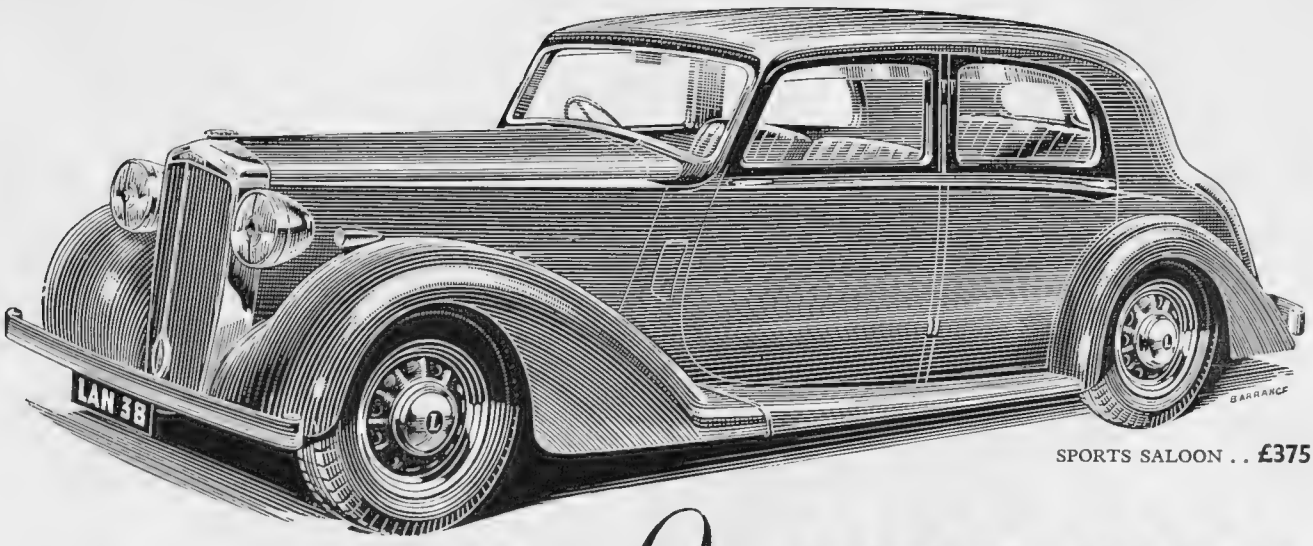
(Concluded on page ii)

The Wolseley "Super-Six," available at 16, 21 and 25 h.p.



IF YOU DON'T BUY MORRIS AT LEAST BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD (Sole Exporters: Morris Industries Exports Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England) M.246

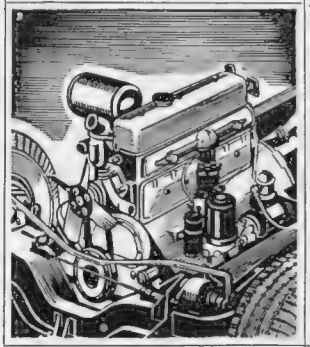


SPORTS SALOON . . **£375**

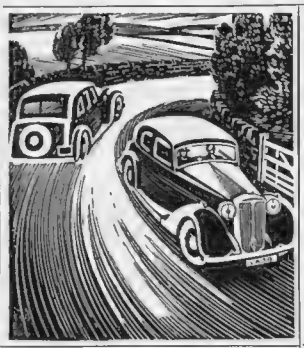
In ONE CAR for the first time

EVERY worth while improvement known to motoring—there are sixteen—is built into this new Lanchester; to give you safer, smoother, speedier riding. The most scandalous pot-holes are glossed over by its independent front-wheel springing. Curves cambered the wrong way are rounded without sway or slide—thanks to a low centre of gravity and the anti-roll control. Other traffic is left far behind after a hold-up—for this Lanchester has a high power-weight ratio. And its Daimler fluid flywheel transmission makes slow driving jerk-proof, and gear-changing fool-proof. Your local dealer has one of these new Lanchesters to show you. Examine it carefully. Test it thoroughly. Not only for its performance, but also for its superb workmanship and finish. the new Lanchester is a joy and a pride to own!

1 INDEPENDENT FRONT WHEEL SPRINGING



2 HIGH POWER-WEIGHT RATIO



3 LOW CENTRE OF GRAVITY

4 DAIMLER FLUID FLYWHEEL TRANSMISSION

Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair & Daimler patents

5 SEPARATE ENCLOSED LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT

6 ADJUSTABLE STEERING COLUMN

7 INTER-AXLE SEATING

8 ACCESSIBLE ENCLOSED SPARE WHEEL

9 RUBBER-MOUNTED REAR SPRINGS

10 PERFECT VENTILATION OBTAINED WITHOUT PIVOTING WINDOWS

11 HAND-BRAKE FITTED JUST BENEATH DASH ON OFFSIDE

12 FLEXIBLY MOUNTED ENGINE

13 THERMOSTATICALLY CONTROLLED COOLING

14 QUICK ACTING LIFT-UP BONNET

15 LARGE ANTI-ROLL CONTROL BARS FRONT AND REAR

16 INSULATED EXHAUST SYSTEM

The new LANCHESTER Roadrider DE-LUXE

LANCHESTER 6-CYLINDER '14' ROADRIDER DE LUXE *from* **£365** *Tax £10 10*

FOR £25 LESS you can have the same car with synchro-mesh gearbox and ordinary clutch.

Lanchester '18' from £525 - Lanchester '11' from £275

British Cars Last Longer

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO. LTD., COVENTRY . LONDON DISTRIBUTORS: THE CAR MART LTD., 3/5 BURLINGTON GARDENS, W.1

"BYSTANDER" SPRING MOTOR SECTION *(Concluded)*

while the special coupé, which is listed at £345, has twin fog-lamps and horns.

Of the many other particularly attractive ranges, the following are picked out and especially commended to the notice of such of our readers as may not yet have decided definitely upon what cars to buy for their 1938 motoring.

The luxurious Bentley is known as the "Silent Sports Car," and this marque certainly justifies the slogan. Its performance is silky yet startlingly vivid, and of all the fast cars on the road none is safer.

The most interesting car in the Humber range is the "Snipe." Fast, tractable, economical and comfortable, this car combines all the virtues of far bigger and far more costly cars.

The Ford interests vary from the 8-h.p. four-cylinder model to the 30-h.p. "V-8," with its powerful eight-cylinder unit. All models represent remarkable value for money, and one has only to reflect on the great numbers of these cars one sees in everyday use on the road to realise how admirably they fulfil present-day requirements.

The new Daimlers and Lanchesters are an immense improvement on even the high standard of quality to which their prototypes have always attained. The unique transmission system employed on all their new models makes these the simplest cars in the world to drive—and the sweetest.

The Austin in Hollywood: a 14-h.p. Goodwood Saloon

One million pounds was spent on the production of the new 10-h.p. Vauxhall, and the result is a pleasing car of distinguished appearance and marked efficiency. The Vauxhall range also comprises 12-h.p., 14-h.p., and 25-h.p. models, and no one should finally make up his (or her) mind about that new car without first inspecting these new products of the General Motors Corporation.

Among the largest producers of cars in this country to-day, the Coventry factory of the Standard Motor Co. must be one of the busiest. Success such as theirs is based upon one characteristic and one only—value for money. The 1938 Standard range has something for everyone, the models ranging from the "Flying Nine" to the very snappy "V-8" (20 h.p.), which is a car of smooth but powerful performance.

The Alvis Company also produces in Coventry. Its high-quality cars have always enjoyed an enviable reputation for wonderful workmanship. The 1938 range exemplifies this characteristic to a greater extent than ever before. For those who want a real quality car, the 1938 range of Alvis models (twenty-two types, by the way, comprising this firm's ambitious programme) should supply the answer.

The Riley Company has always been noted for its powerful and handsome range, and for 1938 it offers fifteen models varying in price from the 1½-litre "Victor" saloon, fitted with overdrive transmission, at £299, to the 18-h.p., eight-cylinder "Adelphi" saloon at £475.

Last of all on our list, but by no manner of means least, we come to the Wolseley. Here we have another British car which offers the motorist supreme value for money.

The fullness of the equipment, the generosity of the detail finish and the fine degree of pre-sale testing for which this car is so notable, stamps it at once as a "certainty" from a best-selling point of view.

Thirteen Wolseley models are available, ranging from £245 for the 12/48 saloon to £750 for the 25-h.p. chassis fitted either with limousine or landaulet body.

And in between these two price extremities come eleven other models, each with its own particular appeal and each one representative of the finest of British workmanship.

TIMES CHANGE—so does **SHELL**

You could not switch on the piano; but it is just as easy to turn on the radio as it is to start your car. When you are speeding along a by-pass think for a moment of the difference between motoring thirty years ago and now. The change is due to the steady development of the motor engine towards an even higher standard of efficiency. Shell, too, is constantly aspiring to new and higher standards, and it is this policy of gradual change that maintains its high reputation.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

ROLLS-ROYCE

The Best Car in the World

A Bucks Landscape.

ROLLS-ROYCE LTD. 14-15 CONDUIT ST. LONDON. W.1 *MAYFAIR 6201*

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

Showrooms — St. James's Street.

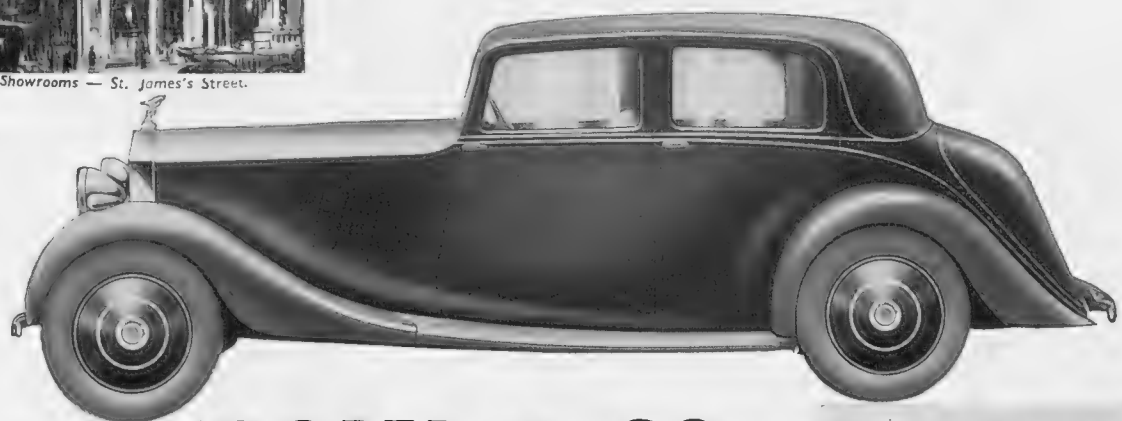
HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

THE FINEST CAR IN THE WORLD

By Appointment

More than a hundred years of practical experience is represented in every motor body completed by Hooper & Co. Prospective purchasers are invited to inspect the wide range of latest examples of fine coachwork to be seen at 54, St. James's Street, and at the new works at Park Royal.

Hooper & Co. always have in stock many used cars of outstanding value.



New Factory—Park Royal.

HOOPER & CO

(COACHBUILDERS) LTD

Motor Body Builders to His Majesty The KING

54, ST. JAMES'S STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W. 1

Mercury, Messenger of the Gods: By Charles Ward

Europe's highest aerodrome is that of Samaden in the lovely Engadin valley near St. Moritz. It is 5500 feet high, was opened as a result of enlightened collaboration of the local communes, and was the terminus of the recent non-stop flight by a Swissair liner from London's fog into St. Moritz's sun. Left is Mr. Pillichody, joint-managing director of Swissair

Let Her Go!

Any doubts that the first separation of the Mayo twins "Maia" and "Mercury" was a fluke were dispelled last Wednesday, when the two parted company before a distinguished gathering of technicians, officials, workmen and the Press. The operation again took place at a relatively low altitude, additional proof that the pilots, J. Lankester Parker in the flying-boat and H. L. Piper in the seaplane, had complete confidence in the experiment. Practical tests with heavier loads and in bumpy weather will proceed, until sufficient data has been gained to launch the seaplane on its first long cross-country, probably to Alexandria. To carry mails to and fro across the Atlantic, it would be necessary to have two "porter" flying-boats, one on each side of the ocean. Critics who regard this fact as a disadvantage of the scheme might compare "Maia" to a harbour tug, used for manœuvring liners in and out of dock. If mails are to be flown in special 'planes, then it is obvious that more than one launching process will be needed each day. The competitive schemes—launching by catapult and refuelling in the air—are being pushed ahead, the former by the R.A.F. authorities and the latter by Sir Alan Cobham for Imperial Airways.

Non-Stop to St. Moritz

To-day we publish two further pictures taken on the air route from London to the winter-sporting slopes of Switzerland. Ten days ago, Swissair organised a most successful party to St. Moritz, by way of illustrating the advantages of flying to the snow. From Croydon, the "Douglas" liner took 4 hours 10 minutes to cover the 610 miles between the two airports. It was a case of breakfast in London, lunch at St. Moritz, returning the next day in time for dinner at home. With the exception of a wireless station, the Samaden airport is completely equipped, and regular calls will be made there each day during fine weather. At 5500 feet, it would be unsafe to operate in and out of the mountains during bad visibility, and on those occasions passengers will land and depart from Zurich, a procedure that has been in force for some years. Swissair work in conjunction with Imperial Airways, and next winter the "Albatross" liners now being delivered from de Havillands will also fly to St. Moritz. They cruise at 200 miles an hour, which will enable travellers to reach the snowline in three hours, plus a few minutes, from London. "Tony" Fokker, the Dutch designer, speaking at the dinner given by the Municipality of St. Moritz to celebrate the opening of the new service, looked forward to a direct line to New York in five years' time!

The Flying Dutchman

Two other countries share with us an interest in traffic to the Far East—France and Holland. Both have established air services that fly side by side with Imperial Airways. The Dutch contribution to air progress is all the more remarkable because Holland is a small country, and has not had the incentive to build for war or for defence as have France and England. By way of compensation, the European War period produced Anthony Fokker. The Dutch race being both phlegmatic and enterprising—an apparent contradiction in terms—and having a large portion of its national wealth invested in the East Indies, it made use of Anthony Fokker, guided by the business sense of Herr Plesman, managing director of K.L.M., to link the Netherlands with the Far East. The success of the venture has been obvious for a long time, and we should welcome the friendly rivalry of the Dutch. Since the first return flight to the Far East in 1928, K.L.M. has flown 10,000,000 miles. An extension to Australia is a logical conclusion, with three services a week to Batavia. Connections with the United States are made particularly easy through the Royal Dutch Air Lines, in conjunction with Italian liners from New York to Naples. By arriving at the Italian seaport on Tuesday or Saturday afternoon, a K.L.M. 'plane can be used for the journey to Athens, Alexandria, and beyond, leaving on the following morning. New York to Karachi takes eleven days, to Singapore thirteen days; and by transferring to Qantas, the Australian company which works in co-operation with Imperial Airways, to Brisbane in seventeen days. So much for the traveller himself or herself, intent on business or pleasure. During last month, 100,000 stoppers for beer-bottles were carried by K.L.M. from Amsterdam to Batavia. What greater proof is needed that the Dutch are hospitable people, determined at all costs to satisfy the visitor and the resident alike?

Photos by Charles E. Brown

Flying over St. Moritz is the Swissair D.C.2 liner which made the first of a proposed regular series of London—St. Moritz flights. It completed the 610 miles in 4 hours 10 minutes against a head wind

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All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON MARCH

Name { Mrs. / Miss } .....

Address .....

.....

Engineering LEADERSHIP

VAUXHALL ENGINEERING LEADERSHIP GIVES
in the "10," "12," "14" and "25"

Remarkable Economy
(20% more m.p.g.)

Independent Springing
(changes riding into gliding)

Controlled Synchromesh
(you can't help making a good change)

No-Draught Ventilation
(fresh air without shivers)

Overhead Valves
(A Vauxhall feature for 16 years)

And many other features
most of which were pioneered by Vauxhall, some of which are still exclusive to Vauxhall

MOST designers of motor cars aim at reliability performance, comfort, safety, economy.

Vauxhall designers start with the assumption that they are simple essentials—and then go on from there.

That is the difference between engineering and advanced engineering. We call it a policy of Engineering Leadership. If you merely want a car to take you from Here to There, then your choice is wide. Any car will do.

But if you want a car that will give you a thrill of eager anticipation every time you take the wheel, then your choice (after trying all comparable cars) will be a Vauxhall.

"ENGINEERING LEADERSHIP," a book of interest to all motorists, will be sent on request by Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton. Any Vauxhall dealer will provide an adequate trial run on any Vauxhall model, and demonstrate its petrol economy

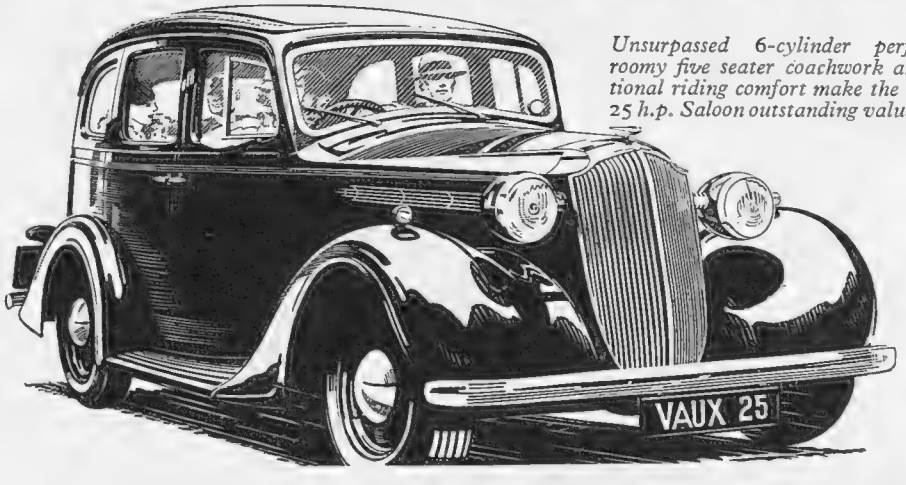
VAUXHALL

10 H.P. FOUR

Britain's newest car. The world's most economical Ten. On a recent R.A.C. official trial★ the saloon did 43.4 m.p.g. Fine performance and lively acceleration. Independent Springing. Saloons from £168.

12 H.P. SIX

For the owner who wants six-cylinder performance with four-cylinder running costs. Smooth; effortless; economical. Independent Springing. Saloon £215.



Unsurpassed 6-cylinder performance, roomy five seater coachwork and exceptional riding comfort make the Vauxhall 25 h.p. Saloon outstanding value at £315

14 H.P. SIX

Britain's most popular "Fourteen." Brilliant performance. Consistently improved and refined since it made motoring history. On a recent R.A.C. official trial★ the 14 h.p. saloon did 30.31 m.p.g. Independent Springing. De Luxe Saloon £225. Touring Saloon with built-in luggage boot £230.

★

25 H.P. SIX

Vauxhall's luxury car. Designed to meet world competition. 80 m.p.h. when you want it. On a recent R.A.C. official trial★ the 25 h.p. saloon did 22.48 m.p.g. Independent Springing. All Synchromesh gearbox. Hydraulic brakes. Built-in interior heater and defroster. Many other luxuries. Saloon with built-in luggage boot, £315.

★*Over 1,000 miles of public roads.*

Women's Golf

The Rights of Man : By Eleanor E. Helme

CERTAIN uncomfortable problems crop up time and again in the golfing world. You think that somebody has found the solution, and that nothing more will be heard of it, and then, hey presto! the wretched thing appears again like a Medusa head, or a recurring decimal.

The playing facilities for women as opposed to men is one of these perpetual problems, complicated every now and again by the very legitimate claims for consideration of those women who spend the week, as their men-kind do, on an office stool, or something equally uncomfortable, from which week-end escape is a necessity. Mote Mount, at Mill Hill, will doubtless have dealt satisfactorily with their share of the problem by the time this is in print, but there are many other clubs who are faced in the same way with losing men members, or women, or both, if they cannot do the impossible, which is, make an eighteen-hole course and a normal club-house hold several hundred people on Saturdays and Sundays.

That is the real problem—one of space and time. Figure it out in starting-times. Take it that two people go off every four minutes: that is, fifteen starting times, or thirty players, every hour. If they begin at 9 o'clock—and who wants to get to their club earlier than they would to their office?—by three o'clock 180 people will have struck off the first tee. Struck off, yes. But what sort of a round will the late starters have, if the course has been solidly replenished with a fresh couple every four minutes without intermission? Will there not be hopeless congestion, long waits on the tees of all the short holes? Gossip then may be pleasant; but more probably it will turn on how hungry it is possible to be if lunch has to be delayed until two-thirty or tea till five-thirty; the shortness of the daylight; the iniquitous behaviour of any club committee who can allow their course to be so overcrowded.

THAT may be a gloomy picture, but isn't it true? And doesn't it mean that the only remedy is to debar a certain number of couples from playing at all? But if so, which? Must only the low handicaps, men or women, be allowed to play at the crowded week-ends? Perish the thought, for they are probably just the very ones who get most play all the week! Must all women be debarred on the ground that they play more slowly than men? Again perish the thought; they are often quicker than the opposite sex. Must all idle men and women, who could play at other times during the week be kept off the course? Again perish the thought, for these may be the very people with whom the workers wish to play, since a working-man may have an idle wife, or a working-wife an idle husband—which last, perhaps, is the most perishing thought of all.

THE root of the trouble is that women almost invariably pay less entrance fee and subscription than men, and therefore cannot reasonably expect to be allowed so many playing privileges. Some clubs, of course, allow a woman to pay the full fees of a man, and if she does so to have equal rights with him. That is justice, but it does not help the working-woman who, because she probably earns much less than the man, even if she works as many hours, cannot afford his big subscriptions.

But then it is equally unfair to the man, who does pay more, if special facilities are given to the women who work, but who pay less than he does. All men's committees are not so chivalrous as that of the Harrogate Club at Starbeck, who were persuaded some years ago into allowing women who worked equal rights with the men during the week-end. That meant they could drive off before eleven a.m., whilst their idle sisters had to stand by and wait till the hour struck. Stand they did, most loyally, which says a great deal for the law-abiding nature of the women of Harrogate. What Harrogate has done yesterday, we in the South may do to-morrow, but not, I fear, very willingly. It is all very perplexing.

KENT COUNTY FOURSOMES have a way of being chilly, but this year the first two days at least (I write before the final) escaped snow, and Dartford was in such lovely condition that I, for one, hardly recognised the event. I am not sure if I was most impressed with the real promise of Miss Zara Bonner-Davis—the conqueror of Miss Cradock-Hartopp in last year's English—the pluck of Mrs. Green and Mrs. Musson, who beat her and Miss Dodo Butler, after being so many down; or the equal pluck of Miss Ling—who is, by the way, only a week-end golfer—and Miss Doxford in standing up to the long putts of Mrs. Cochrane and Mrs. Fletcher. Miss Bonner-Davis is a great find for Kent; of that I am quite sure.

"Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes

The entry form is on page viii

MAGGY ROUFF

Couturier

Is showing her Summer Collection

12a, STANHOPE GATE, PARK LANE

Please apply for invitations

Maggy Rouff Ltd.

LLOYDS BANK
LIMITED

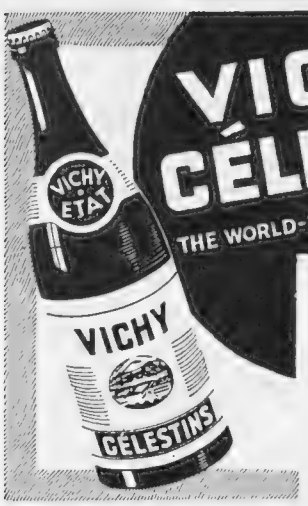
1677

A FAMOUS BANK

The name of Lloyds has been a household word in banking circles since 1765, when the firm of Lloyds and Company was established at Birmingham. In 1865, this firm became a Joint Stock Company and was known as Lloyds Banking Company Limited, which name was changed to the present title in 1889. Since 1865 more than fifty private and Joint Stock Banks, one of which was established in Lombard Street in 1677, have been absorbed by Lloyds.

Whilst maintaining many of the traditions attached to the days of the private banker, it has kept abreast of the changing conditions and customs of the time, and the services it offers have been constantly extended and modernised.

Head Office: 71 Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3



VICHY-CÉLESTINS
THE WORLD-RENOWNED NATURAL MINERAL WATER

RHEUMATISM

VICHY-CÉLESTINS is Nature's own antidote for warding off the pains and penalties of *Rheumatism*. Drink it *regularly* at meals, and at any other time. *Obtainable everywhere.*

● CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents: INGRAM & ROYLE LTD., Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1

CZECHOSLOVAKIA
FOR Winter Sports

EASILY ACCESSIBLE AND INEXPENSIVE

Brilliant sunshine and excellent snow conditions during March and April at most Czechoslovak Mountain resorts are just two of the many reasons why Sports enthusiasts and holiday-makers choose Czechoslovakia for a late winter holiday. Hospitable Hoteliers offer modern hotel comforts and first-class catering. You can enjoy winter sports in Czechoslovakia from as little as Kc. 40 (about 5/8 a day) en pension. Come to Czechoslovakia NOW—only five hours' flying from London. Interesting literature and details of special Railway fare reductions from any travel agency or the CZECHOSLOVAK TRAVEL BUREAU (Dept. B.3.) 21, Regent Street, S.W.1.

So lovely...

It's an art, this 1938 make-up . . . of being utterly *natural!* It's an art that requires only the application of common sense. Once you've learned to use Tattoo you've learnt the entire lesson! Tattoo Compact Rouge colours subtly, softly, smoothly. Put it on, pat it in — it isn't there . . . and yet it is! It sinks into the skin — *it's as natural as a blush* — and it looks it! Another secret stolen from those love-wise South Sea enchantresses and passed on from Tattoo . . . to you! Glamour never had a more generous gift . . . and *are* smart women wearing Tattoo Rouge? Are *you?*

are cheeks by
TATTOO

Tattoo Compact Rouge
Coral · Exotic · Natural · Pastel · Hawaiian
In black and silver vanity case, **2/6**

Tattoo Ltd.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes (16th Year)

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1938, will be held at Sand Moor, near Leeds, by kind invitation, April 5th to April 8th.
Also N.P.F.A. competition.

Holders: Miss Cradock-Hartopp and the late Miss Bridget Newell.

HOTELS

The address of Miss Helme during the Foursomes will be PROSPECT HOTEL, HARROGATE. *'Phone:* Harrogate 3015.
Special terms to competitors at the Prospect Hotel will be
14s. per day inclusive of dinner, bed, baths, breakfast.
16s. ditto, with private bath.
31s. ditto, twin-bedded room with private bath.

Special terms quoted by other Hotels at Harrogate are:
Crown: 16s. per day, inclusive, for dinner, bed, bath, breakfast.
Granby: 15s. inclusive, as above. Most of the bedrooms have private bathroom attached.
Harrogate Hydro: 12s. 6d. inclusive of bedroom, breakfast, dinner, baths.
Prince of Wales: 15s. inner rooms inclusive as above and also of garage accommodation; 16s. 6d. rooms facing the Stray.
Queen Hotel: 18s. inclusive, comfortable bedroom, breakfast, dinner, and baths.
Also Queen's Hotel, Leeds: 14s. 6d. bed and breakfast and private bath dinner in the Grill Room, 5s. 6d.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes N.P.F.A. Competition (7th Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: Miss H. M. Robertson.

In conjunction with the Bystander Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, and those on the waiting-list, will be held, by the courtesy of the Club, at Sand Moor during the Foursomes, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Half-a-crown entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A.; 25% to the Yorkshire branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting-list. A scratch prize will also be given

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, April 5th, to Friday, April 8th, inclusive. Starting arrangements will be posted at the Club.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds, provided the competitor has not played over the course earlier in the day.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes; further ties on the last six, last three, or as the Golf Editor and the Sec., Sand Moor, may decide.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the Bystander reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 18th.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change **in writing as soon as possible.**

Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before March 18th should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

The Directors of the Bystander reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

SAND MOOR — NO ENTRANCE FEE

THE "BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Sixteenth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 18th.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Sand Moor, on April 5th, 1938, and following days.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

Please enter
Mrs. }
Miss } .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

Telephone number.....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

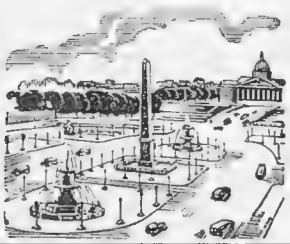
Mrs. }
Miss } .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

Telephone number.....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address in writing to Miss Helme, as above, or, after April 1st, to Prospect Hotel, Harrogate. Telegrams and Telephone: Helme, Harrogate 3015.



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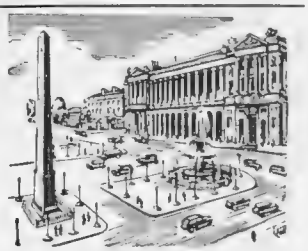

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By Appointment.

Bridal Gowns

Illustrated is a luxurious Bridal Gown materialised in parchment satin with embroidered pearl leaves at the waist and neck lines. Priced at sixteen-and-a-half guineas and the Head-dress five-and-a-half guineas extra.

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Barbara Chase

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Chase, of Santa Barbara, California, and has announced her engagement to George Mercer Nairne, the son of the late Lord Charles Mercer Nairne and Lady Violet Astor

Bassano

Barbara Rose Langley

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Langley, of Alderton, Suffolk; she is to marry James Edmunds, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Edmunds, of Leaburn Manor House, Bucks.

Pearl Freeman

Cynthia Stancomb

Is the younger daughter of the late F. W. Stancomb and Mrs. Stancomb, of Ravenscroft, Trowbridge, Wilts., and is engaged to Ivo Peters, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Peters, of Corston Lodge, near Bristol

Cannons of Hollywood

Rosalind Calvert Brooks

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Brooks, of Church Croft, Radlett, Herts., and is engaged to Francis Charles Albert Cammaerts, of Radlett, elder son of Professor Cammaerts, the poet and author

Navana

Olive Mary Salt

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Salt, of Perrotts, Long Crendon, Bucks.; she is engaged to R. A. F. Wallis, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Wallis, of 1, Lypiatt Lawn, Cheltenham

Pearl Freeman

Marjorie Joyce Chitty

Is the younger daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. E. R. I. Chitty and Mrs. Chitty, of 34, Rivermead Court, Hurlingham, and is to marry Aidan Frederic Wigram, second son of the late Rev. and Mrs. E. F. E. Wigram, of 166, Rivermead Court

Bassano

Muriel Ainsworth

Is the younger daughter of Major-General and Mrs. R. B. Ainsworth, of Ivy House, Hampton Court, and is engaged to Lieut. Hugh Gordon Henry Tracy, R.N., son of Commander and Mrs. A. F. G. Tracy, of Hill House, Canford Cliffs, Dorset

Pearl Freeman

Joan Margaret Gould

Is engaged to Mark Frederick Dutton, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Dutton, of Crossways, Hartford, Cheshire; she is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Gould, of Street House, Great Hallingbury, Essex

Kent — Carter-Ruck

At the Parish Church, Chalfont St. Peter, Wilfrid Robin Leigh Kent, son of the late Leigh Kent and Mrs. Leslie Moore, of Washford, Somerset, married Margaret Yvonne Carter-Ruck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Carter-Ruck, of Burrow's Croft, Gerrard's Cross

Marsham — Harral

Peter Marsham, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. C. Marsham, of Ledbury, Herefordshire, and Margaret Harral, daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. B. Harral, of Barnsley, Yorkshire, were married at All Soul's, Langham Place

Jones — Tatham

Humphrey Jones and Edith Tatham were married at Cusaka, Northern Rhodesia. He is the local District Officer; she is the daughter of the late W. H. Tatham and Mrs. Tatham. The Bishop of Northern Rhodesia, who performed the ceremony, is on the left; Sir Hubert Young, the Governor, and Lady Young, are on the right—he gave away the bride

(Concluded on page D)

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

Simple, unexaggerated lines distinguish the spring collection of suits and ensembles in the coat and skirt department at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. Though jackets are, generally speaking, longer and closer fitting, many are short and square, or three-quarter length, with a slight swing. There is much black trimmed with ocelot, a new shade of honey, and also dove-grey, for which there is a strong feeling this season. A delightful ensemble from these salons is shown on the right, for twenty-one guineas. It is a study in grey and black angora tweed, with a full-length fitting coat slightly squared across the shoulders; it buttons at the waist, and is gathered over the bust. The dress, which has long, tight sleeves, follows the lines of the figure, and is entirely black, except for touches of grey at the neck and at the waistline in front

Ryder — Ralston-Patrick

Capt. Lisle Charles Dudley Ryder, Royal Norfolk Regt., eldest son of Col. and Mrs. C. H. Dudley Ryder, of Stockwood, Camberley, and Enid Ralston-Patrick, only child of the late Major Ralston-Patrick and Mrs. Ralston-Patrick, of Surrey House, Camberley, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Morris — Adkins

Godfrey Morris, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Morris, of Wintmoor, Bickley, married Ena Elizabeth Adkins, younger daughter of Mr. T. B. Adkins, of South India, and Mrs. C. H. Vince, of The Retreat, Bickley, Kent, at the Chapel of the Savoy

Anderson — Poyntz

Donald Marshall Anderson and Elizabeth Georgiana Poyntz were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the son of Major and Mrs. R. W. H. Anderson, of Northfield, Colinsburgh, Fife, and is in the Highland Light Infantry; she is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. H. S. Poyntz

Berger — Dalrymple-Hay

At St. Mark's, North Audley Street, John Berger, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Berger, of Hythe, Kent, married Alison Dalrymple-Hay, only daughter of Sir Harley and Lady Dalrymple-Hay, of The Grey House, Folkestone

Balfour — Odgers

Lieut. Ian Mathers Balfour, R.N., youngest son of Mr. George Balfour, M.P., and Mrs. Balfour, of Elmstead Lodge, Chislehurst, and Josset Catherine Odgers, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Odgers, of 6, The Crescent, Rugby, were married at Brompton Parish Church

Bastin — Steven

David Terence Bastin, younger son of the late Edward Bastin and Mrs. Bastin, of Foxholes, Haytor, Devon, married Nancy Steven at St. Columba's, Pont Street. She is the second daughter of Mr. A. K. Steven, of Bordyke End, Tonbridge, Kent

Goor — Reilly

Louis Goor, son of M. Maurice Goor, Belgian Consul-General to Eire, and Mme. Goor, married Alice Reilly at St. Patrick's, Monkstown, Co. Dublin. She is the daughter of the late Colonel James Reilly and Mrs. Reilly, of Monkstown

Clarke — Knox

At St. John the Evangelist, Edinburgh, Andrew Board Stephenson Clarke, K.O.S.B., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Clarke, of Cranbrook, Kent, married Betty Knox, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Knox, of Woodside, Cambus, Clackmannanshire

Shelley — Beynon

John Graham Shelley, son of Colonel and Mrs. Shelley, of The Woodlands, Southwater, Horsham, and Norah Patricia Beynon, daughter of Major-General Sir William and Lady Beynon, of 59, Evelyn Gardens, S.W., were married at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens

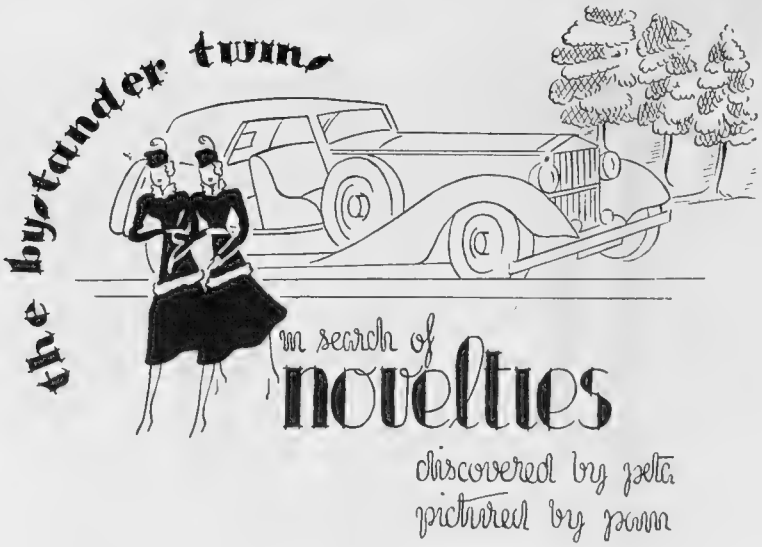
Hats on the Horizon

There is a delightful lack of convention about the new spring hats, which are often quite ridiculous, though none the less attractive. Since they are so very varied, it is just a question of what mood one is in, and whether one feels equal to balancing a perfectly flat plate with a few cherries on the top, or a small saucer covered in ostrich feathers. If the answer is no, there are numerous other equally becoming designs of a more sober character

A new hat is the best tonic in the world for spring lassitude, and Henry Heath, 172, New Bond Street, are showing some delightful models, including those photographed on this page. A forward sweep distinguishes the hat above, in fine black shiny straw, with an upturned brim and shallow crown. It costs forty-five shillings, and is trimmed with a feather mount in pink and black. Below is a new version of the Breton sailor in baku straw. The dented crown juts forward in line with the brim, and is enlivened by a petersham ribbon sewn with leather flowers and butterflies in attractive colours

Dover Street Studios

Though absurd head-gear will continue to be worn throughout the season, there is already a practical note creeping into hats, and soon many of the earlier extravagances will be completely forgotten. Certain trends, however, will continue to prevail. The spirit of the eighteenth century is reflected in Watteau hats, very flat, or curled, with deep flower bandeaux across the back of the head; while from the East come coolie shapes with miniature crowns and mushroom brims. Tambourine hats are also new this season, and look smart in black straw trimmed with striped ribbon, shaded roses, or mixed fruit. Crownless hats are shown for Ascot or very smart cocktail-parties, while sailors of varying sizes are worn with tailormades. A charming version of a shepherdess hat is seen above, carried out in black pedaline straw. The crown is massed with Neapolitan feathers, and threaded with black velvet ribbons which tie in a bow behind. It costs fifty-five shillings, and may be seen at Henry Heath's, who are also showing delightful cruising hats. There is no need to enlarge upon this firm's sports hats, as they are already so well known, but I would add that there are plain felt pull-on models to wear with tweeds for 21s. 9d.

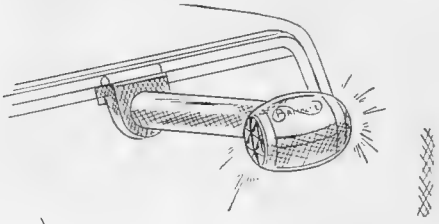

the bystander twins
in search of
novelties
discovered by peta
pictured by pam

The "Hurricane" pipe on the right is ideal for a motorist as the tobacco is protected by a shutter, and there is no risk of sparks flying into the driver's eyes. It is made of Bruyère wood and costs 30s. at Asprey's, New Bond Street

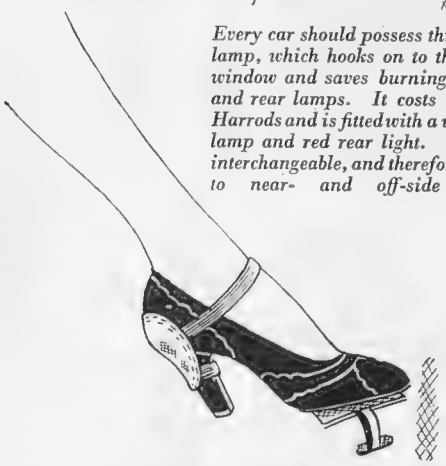
Racing enthusiasts will appreciate this car mascot with an exact model of a racehorse. It is available with either an oxidised or chromium finish, and may be seen in the motor accessories department at Harrods, Knightsbridge. The price is £3 10s., an extra 7s. 6d. being charged for enamelling the jockey with the owner's racing colours

When April showers force you to eat your tea in the car instead of in the open, you will welcome this folding stand for your cup and plate. It costs 3s. 3d. at Harrods, and clips on to the lowered window; when not in use it can be carried in the pocket of the car

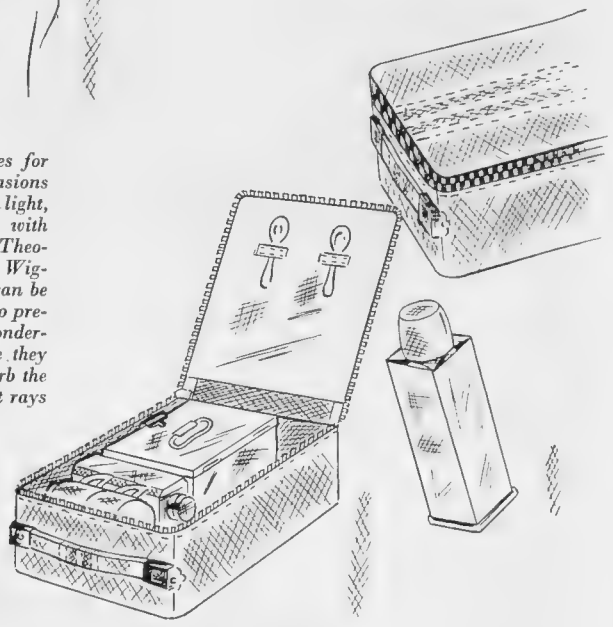
Gold reflector glasses for motoring and all occasions where there is strong light, have been designed with full field frames by Theodore Hamblin, 15, Wigmore Street. They can be made up according to prescription and are wonderfully soothing, since they both reflect and absorb the harmful glare of heat rays



Every car should possess this parking lamp, which hooks on to the driver's window and saves burning the wing and rear lamps. It costs 5s. 6d. at Harrods and is fitted with a white front lamp and red rear light. These are interchangeable, and therefore adapted to near- and off-side parking



It is easy to ruin a perfectly good pair of shoes by rubbing the backs along the floor of the car, so be sure to wear "Hoyle" heel protectors with elastic grips from Harrods. They are made in black and brown calf lined with chamois, and cost 3s. 9d. a pair



An excellent picnic case for two people has been designed by Asprey's. It costs £2 15s., in coloured leather cloth with a sliding fastener, and contains a Thermos flask, two tea-cups, a milk bottle, and cake-tin. There are others from about 25/-

Strassner Ltd. ★ Lucienne Hats Ltd. ★ 48 South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

March 2—March 8

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AUTUMN.—A dramatic plot overladen with jealousy gives Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie and Victoria Hopper the chances that they all take: St. Martin's. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BLACK SWANS.—A pre-war family is the setting for some excellent fooling by Richard Bird, Sophie Stewart, Thea Holme, and others: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

DODSWORTH.—Sinclair Lewis's book is transposed to the stage without enough skill but is skilfully acted by Gladys Cooper as the unpleasant Fran and Philip Merivale as Sam: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfrid Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE INNOCENT PARTY.—Mary Ellis plays a temperamental foreign wife to Cecil Parker's stolid Englishman: St. James's, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongues find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LAND'S END.—F. L. Lucas' play is about a stern man (Cecil Trouncer), his wife (Cathleen Nesbitt), her lover (Alan Napier), and their children and their embroilments, and it is dramatic and eloquent: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARY GOES TO SEE.—Marie Tempest goes to America to see, and sets things to rights, as usual: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA.—Eugene O'Neill's sombre trilogy has a grim and exciting tale of fate with brilliant acting by Beatrix Lehmann supported by Robert Harris and Laura Cowie: New, 7 (not Mon. or Fri.). Mon., Fri., 2.30.

OTHELLO.—Ralph Richardson as the Moor, Laurence Olivier as Iago, Curigwen Lewis as Desdemona: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SURPRISE ITEM.—Marius Goring in a Kipps-like part, Valerie Taylor as his lode-star: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS.—The diarist played by Edmund Gwenn is shown as a great, not petty, man in the service of King Charles (Barry Barnes): Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

THE THREE SISTERS.—A strong, sensitive production of Chekhov with Carol Goodner, Peggy Ashcroft, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as the three, Gielgud as Vershinin, Redgrave as Tusenbach: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley excellent as Victoria, settings by Whistler: Lyric (not Mon.), 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WELCOME STRANGER.—Harry Green in an amusing play about an inventor and his backer: Saville, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse (not Mon.), 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—The colourful musical long-runner, with Muriel Angelus and Clifford Mollison, goes back to its first home: Adelphi, 6.20 and 9.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Jill Esmond and Anne Leslie as boy and girl; Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose for comedy: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes, and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high-life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

"The Island"

Godfrey Tearle is impeccable as a grizzled Major whose past gets out of hand when he looks into Sarah Erskine's eyes. At the Comedy

REVUDEVILLE No. 102.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove lead the hilarious cast in this long-running laughter-maker: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues with Patrick Curwan, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A new mixture of thriller and love-story, with a large, good cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM SERVICE.—Hartley Power heads an American cast in a coarse, hoarse farce which makes the actors and audience roar: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS MONEY BUSINESS.—A family comedy with Antoinette Cellier, Henry Kendall and Diana Beaumont: Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1938 (American).—W. C. Fields is the star of this; also, Ramon Novarro in THE SHEIK STEPS OUT: Plaza.

THE BROKEN JUG (German).—Emil Jannings in a strong humorous part from Dutch folklore: Berkeley.

THE BUCCANEER (American).—Another vast de Mille canvas of the pirate (Fredric March) who saved America from the English: Carlton.

UN CARNET DE BAL (French).—Duvivier directed this first-prize film; a bitter-sweet story; Françoise Rosay, Rainer, Harry Baur, Pierre Blanchar: Studio One.

DEAD END (American).—Joel McCrea, Sylvia Sidney and Humphrey Bogart in a film about New York's quarter-world: Marble Arch Pavilion.

EVERYBODY SING (American): Empire.

LA GRANDE ILLUSION (French).—A trilingual film that knocks Hollywood silly with its skill and artistry, showing life in and escape from a war prison camp in Germany; Gabin, Fresnay, von Stroheim: Academy.

THE HURRICANE (American).—Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour in an exciting South Seas spectacle: Odeon.

LANCER SPY (American).—A thoroughly foolish spy story: Regal.

LA MORT DU CYGNE (French).—A ballet school is the setting, a young dancer's passion is the theme; beautifully set and photographed: Curzon.

NOTHING SACRED (American).—Fredric March as a hot reporter, Walter Connolly as his editor, Carole Lombard as the girl who provides copy—and romance: London Pavilion.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery.

TOVARICH (American).—Excellent film version of the stage success has Charles Boyer, Claudette Colbert, Basil Rathbone, Isabel Jeans in it: Tivoli.

WISE GIRL (American).—Miriam Hopkins is the wise girl in an amusing Society satire with Ray Milland and Henry Stephenson: Gaumont.

YOU 'RE A SWEETHEART (American).—Alice Faye is the sweetheart in an amusing piece about a Broadway stage venture: Leicester Square.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE VALKYRIE.—To-night, 2nd, 7.15.

GISELLE, AURORA PAS DE DEUX, FAÇADE.—Thurs., 3rd, 8.30.

LA BOHÈME.—Fri., 4th, 8.

FAUST, WITH BALLET.—Sat., 5th, 2.30.

MADAM BUTTERFLY.—Sat., 5th, 8.

DON GIOVANNI.—Tues., 8th, 7.45.

MUSIC

B.B.C. CONCERT.—Wood conducts in the Bach-Elgar Fantasia and Fugue (C minor), Vaughan Williams' symphony in F minor, Beethoven's Emperor concerto (Wilhelm Backhaus) and Strauss's *Tod und Verklärung*: Queen's Hall, to-night, 2nd, 8.15.

L.S.O. CONCERT.—Charles Hambourg conducts in Brahms' 2nd symphony, Beethoven's Leonora No. 2, Rondino for wind instruments and 3rd piano concerto (Myra Hess): Queen's Hall, Thurs., 3rd, 8.15.

SERENADE CONCERT.—Herbert Menges conducts in a largely romantic programme with Herbert Janssen as soloist: Sadler's Wells, Mon., 7th, 9.

COURTAULD-SARGENT CONCERT.—A chamber music concert with Pierre Bernac (tenor) as soloist: Queen's Hall, Mon., 7th, and Tues., 8th, 8.15.

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"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Sixth Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes will be played at

WESTON-SUPER-MARE

on March 19th and 20th, 1938

(Headquarters: The Grand Atlantic Hotel)

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Holder: R. H. Romyn (Bridlington G.C.)

• Conditions

Play will be for the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes.

Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 19th.

When cards have been returned the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each.

The best two returns from the first quarter of the draw, the best two returns from the second quarter of the draw, and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap.

The first rounds will be played on the Saturday afternoon and the semi-finals and finals on the Sunday.

The remaining eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes, and if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide; and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in the competition proper on the Sunday, and there will be a Bogey Competition for those who have been defeated on the Saturday.

A copy of the draw for the medal round on Saturday, March 19th will be posted to each competitor on March 14th.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

Rule 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to this competition.

• Railway and Hotel

Arrangements for the Week-End

Railway:

No special tickets will be issued. The first-class monthly return from Paddington is 36/3.

Hotel:

Headquarters will be at the GRAND ATLANTIC HOTEL, where special terms for competitors have been arranged as follows:

From dinner on Friday night till afternoon tea on Sunday night—34/-.

From dinner on Friday night till breakfast on Monday morning—45/-, each inclusive.

These prices include room, bath, breakfast, luncheon, tea, and dinner.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be sent on the entry form published herewith to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, Kingshill, Sunningdale, Berks.

Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

Any competitor whose handicap is altered after he has forwarded his entry must notify the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER at the Grand Atlantic Hotel, Weston-super-Mare, by noon on March 18th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason whatsoever for so doing.

ENTRY FORM • Entrance Fee 5/-

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

To be played at Weston-Super-Mare on Saturday, March 19th and Sunday, March 20th

Entries close when the list is full or on March 5th

IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Surname..... Initials.....

Club..... Lowest Handicap .....

Address .....

.....

Telephone No.....

I shall be playing with..... in the qualifying round.

I require a partner for the qualifying round.
(*Strike out one of these.*)

I enclose entrance fee of 5s. and a handicap certificate.

(*Signed*) .....

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Mrs. Smith: "*Yes! but only for a couple of days. John and Mary both came home from school with sore throats and I didn't know what might develop. Fortunately I had some Sanitas in the house and I made them gargle several times a day with Sanitas and warm water—about half strength. My dear, it is marvellous stuff! The kiddies were quite fit again after two days and went back to school on the third day.*"

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Full information and sample itineraries, estimated costs, illustrated booklets, sailing lists, etc., will be supplied on application to:—

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